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THE

READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER.

BEING SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

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EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

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THE READING-CLUB.

FRA GIACAMO.

ALAS, Fra Giacamo!
Too late! — but follow me:
Hush! draw the curtain, — so! —
She is dead, quite dead, you see.
Poor little lady! she lies
With the light gone out of her eyes;
But her features still wear that soft,
Gray, meditative expression,
Which you must have noticed oft,
And admired, too, at confession.
How saintly she looks, and how meek!
Though this be the chamber of death,
I fancy I feel her breath
As I kiss her on the cheek.
With that pensive, religious face,
She has gone to a holier place;
And I hardly appreciated her, —
Her praying, fasting, confessing.
Poorly, I own, I mated her:
I thought her too cold, and rated her
For her endless image-caressing.
Too saintly for me by far,
As pure and as cold as a star,
Not fashioned for kissing and pressing,
But made for a heavenly crown.
Ay, father, let us go down;
But first, if you please, your blessing.

Wine? No? Come, come, you must!
You'll bless it with your prayers,
And quaff a cup, I trust,
To the health of the saint up stairs?

My heart is aching so!
And I feel so weary and sad
Through the blow that I have had.
You'll sit, Fra Giacamo?
My friend (and a friend I rank you
For the sake of that saint) — nay, nay!
Here's the wine, — as you love me, stay! —
'Tis Montepulciano! Thank you.

Heigho! 'Tis now six summers
Since I won that angel, and married her:
I was rich, not old, and carried her
Off in the face of all comers, —
So fresh, yet so brimming with soul!
A tenderer morsel, I swear,
Never made the dull black coal
Of a monk's eye glitter and glare.
Your pardon! Nay, keep your chair!
I wander a little, but mean
No offence to the gray gaberdine.
Of the church, Fra Giacamo,
I'm a faithful upholder, you know;
But (humor me!) she was as sweet
As the saints in your convent-windows,
So gentle, so meek, so discreet:
She knew not what lust does, or sin does.
I'll confess, though, before we were one,
I deemed her less saintly, and thought
The blood in her veins had caught
Some natural warmth from the sun.
I was wrong, I was blind as a bat:
Brute that I was, how I blundered!
Though such a mistake as that
Might have occurred as pat
To ninety-nine men in a hundred, —
Yourself, for example? You've seen her?
Spite her modest and pious demeanor,
And the manners so nice and precise,
Seemed there not color and light,
Bright motion, and appetite,
That were scarcely consistent with *ice*? —
Externals implying, you see,
Internals less saintly than human?

Pray speak; for, between you and me,
You're not a bad judge of a woman.

A jest, — but a jest! . . . Very true:
'Tis hardly becoming to jest,
And that saint up stairs at rest:
Her soul may be listening, too!
Well may your visage turn yellow, —
I was always a brute of a fellow! —
To think how I doubted and doubted,
Suspected, grumbled at, flouted,
That golden-haired angel, and solely
Because she was zealous and holy!
Noon and night and morn
She devoted herself to piety;
Not that she seemed to scorn
Or dislike her husband's society;
But the claims of her *soul* superseded
All that I asked for or needed;
And her thoughts were afar away
From the level of sinful clay;
And she trembled if earthly matters
Interfered with her *aves* and *paters*.
Poor dove! she so fluttered in flying
Above the dim vapors of hell,
Bent on self-sanctifying,
That she never thought of trying
To save her husband as well.
And, while she was duly elected
For place in the heavenly roll,
I (brute that I was!) suspected
Her manner of saving her soul:
So, half for the fun of the thing,
What did I (blasphemer!) but fling
On my shoulders the gown of a monk, —
Whom I managed for that very day
To get safely out of the way, —
And seat me, half sober, half drunk,
With the cowl thrown over my face,
In the father-confessor's place.
Eheu! Benedicite!
In her orthodox, sweet simplicity,
With that pensive gray expression,
She sighfully knelt at confession,

While I bit my lips till they bled,
And dug my nails in my hand,
And heard with averted head
What I'd guessed, and could understand.
Each word was a serpent's sting;
But, wrapped in my gloomy gown,
I sat like a marble thing
As she told me all! — SIT DOWN!

More wine, Fra Giacamo!
One cup — if you love me! No?
What, have these dry lips drank
So deep of the sweets of pleasure, —
Sub rosa, but quite without measure, —
That Montepulciano tastes rank?
Come, drink, 'twill bring the streaks
Of crimson back to your cheeks.
Come, drink, drink again to the saint
Whose virtues you loved to paint;
Who, stretched on her wifely bed,
With the tender gray expression
You used to admire at confession,
Lies poisoned overhead.

Sit still, — or, by heaven, you die!
Face to face, soul to soul, you and I
Have settled accounts in a fine
Pleasant fashion over our wine.
Stir not, and seek not to fly.
Nay, whether or not, you are mine!
Thank Montepulciano for giving
Your death in such delicate sips:
'Tis not every monk ceases living
With so pleasant a taste on his lips;
But, lest Montepulciano unsurely should kiss,
Take this! and this! and this!

Cover him over, Pietro,
And bury him in the court below, —
You can be secret, lad, I know, —
And, hark you! then to the convent go;
Bid every bell of the convent toll,
And the monks say mass for your
Mistress' soul.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS-DINNER.

"AND how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple; and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor; and back came Tiny Tim, before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs, — as if, poor fellow! they were capable of being made more shabby, — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued, that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board; and even Tiny Tim, ex-

cited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose! Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family: indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough; and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, — too nervous to bear witnesses, — to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said, that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it; but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the

hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: —

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim the last of all.

DICKENS.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and burdock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down;
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whisking by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father,
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all, —
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know,
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE COUNTESS AND THE SERF.

FROM "LOVE."

The COUNTESS *discovered*, HUON *reading to her.*

Countess. Give o'er! I hate the poet's argument!
'Tis falsehood: 'tis offence. A noble maid
Stoop to a peasant! Ancestry, sire, dam,
Kindred, and all, of perfect blood, despised
For love!

Huon. The peasant, though of humble stock,
High Nature did ennoble.

Coun. What was that?
Mean you to justify it? But go on.

Huon. Not to offend —

Coun. Offend! No fear of that,
I hope, 'twixt thee and me! I pray you, sir,
To recollect yourself, and be at ease,
And as I bid you, do. Go on.

Huon. Descent,

You'll grant, is not alone nobility,
Will you not? Never yet was line so long,
But it beginning had: and that was found
In rarity of Nature, giving one
Advantage over many; aptitude
For arms, for counsel, so superlative
As baffled all competitors, and made
The many glad to follow him as guide
Or safeguard, "and with title to endow him,
For his high honor, or to gain some end
Supposed propitious to the general weal,
On those who should descend from him entailed."
Not in descent alone, then, lies degree,
Which from descent to Nature may be traced,
Its proper fount? And that which Nature did,
You'll grant she may be like to do again,
And in a very peasant, yea, a slave,
Enlodge the worth that roots the noble tree.
I trust I seem not bold to argue so.

Coun. Sir, when to me it matters what you seem,
Make question on't. If you have more to say,
Proceed; yet mark you how the poet mocks
Himself your advocacy: in the sequel
His hero is a hind in masquerade!
He proves to be a lord.

Huon. The poet sinned
Against himself in that. He should have known
A better trick, who had at hand his own
Excelling nature to admonish him,
Than the low cunning of the common craft.
A hind, his hero, won the lady's love:
He had worth enough for that! Her heart was his.
"Wedlock joins nothing, if it joins not hearts."
Marriage was never meant for coats-of-arms.
Heraldry flourishes on metal, silk,
Or wood. Examine as you will the blood,
No painting on't is there? As red, as warm,
The peasant's as the noble's!

Coun. Dost thou know
Thou speak'st to me?

Huon. 'Tis therefore so I speak.

Coun. And know'st thy duty to me?

Huon. Yes.

Coun. And see'st
My station, and thine own?
Huon. I see my own.
Coun. Not mine?
Huon. I cannot for the fair
O'ertopping height before.
Coun. What height?
Huon. Thyself,
That towerest 'bove thy station! Pardon me!
Oh, wouldst thou set thy rank before thyself?
Wouldst thou be honored for thyself, or that?
Rank that excels its wearer doth degrade;
Riches impoverish, that divide respect.
Oh, to be cherished for one's self alone!
To owe the love that cleaves to us to nought
Which fortune's summer, winter, gives or takes!
To know that while we wear the heart and mind,
Feature and form, high Heaven endowed us with,
Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,
We shall be loved! Kings, from their thrones cast down,
Have blessed their fate, that they were valued for
Themselves, and not their stations, when some knee
That hardly bowed to them in plenitude
Has kissed the dust before them, stripped of all
Coun. [*Confused.*] I nothing see that's relative in this,
That bears upon the argument.
Huon. Oh, much!
Durst but my heart explain.
Coun. Hast thou a heart?
I thought thou wast a serf; and, as a serf,
Hadst thought and will none other than thy lord's,
And so no heart; that is, no heart of thine own.
But, since thou say'st thou hast a heart, 'tis well.
Keep it a secret let me not suspect
What, were it e'en suspicion, were thy death. [*Huon*
Sir, did I name a banquet to thee now, *smiles.*
Thou lookedst so?
Huon. To die for thee were such.
Coun. Sir?
Huon. For his master oft a serf has died,
And thought it sweet; and may not, then, a serf
Say, for his mistress 'twere a feast to die?
Coun. Thou art presumptuous, very: so no wonder
If I misunderstood thee. Thou'dst do well

To be thyself, and nothing more.

Huon. Myself !

Coun. Why, art thou not a serf? What right hast thou
To set thy person off with such a bearing,
And move with such a gait? to give thy brow
The set of nobles, and thy tongue his phrase ?
Thy betters' clothes sit fairer upon thee
Than on themselves; "and they were made for them."
I have no patience with thee; can't abide thee !
There are no bounds to thy ambition, none !
How durst thou e'er adventure to bestride
The war-horse, sitting him, that people say
Thou, not the knight, appear'st his proper load ?
How durst thou touch the lance, the battle-axe,
And wheel the flaming falchion round thy head,
As thou wouldst blaze the sun of chivalry ?
I know ! My father found thy aptitude,
And humored it, to boast thee off ! He may chance
To rue it; and no wonder if he should,
If others' eyes see that they should not see,
Shown to them by his own.

Huon. O lady —

Coun. What ?

Huon. Heard I aright?

Coun. Aright — what heard'st thou, then ?
I would not think thee so presumptuous
As through thy pride to misinterpret me.
It were not for thy health, yea, for thy life !
Beware, sir ! It would not set my quiet blood,
On haste for mischief to thee, rushing through
My veins, did I believe ! Thou art not mad :
Knowing thy vanity, I aggravate it.
Thou know'st 'twere shame the lowest free-woman
That follows in my train should think of thee !

Huon. I know it, lady.

Coun. That I meant to say,
No more. Don't read such books to me again.
I would you had not learned to read so well :
I had been spared your annotations.
For the future, no reply, when I remark.
Hear, but don't speak, — unless you're told, — and then
No more than you are told, — what makes the answer up,
No syllable beyond. [*Exeunt.*

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.

THE facts in the following case come to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San José: she is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself "Aurelia Maria," which may, possibly, be a fictitious name. But no matter. The poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma, she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story.

She says, that, when she was sixteen years old, she met, and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives; and, for a time, it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned. Young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type; and, when he recovered from his illness, his face was pitted like a waffle-mould, and his comeliness gone forever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first; but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season, and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well, and fractured one of his legs; and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement: but again love triumphed; and she set the day forward, and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and, within three months, he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not

but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last forever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career; and, in her tearful despair, she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it. Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward, and insisted that the match should be broken off. But, after wavering a while, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl, when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day; but once more she frowned down her relatives, and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials, another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair forever; and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with true womanly feeling — she still loves what is left of him But her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property, and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. "Now, what should she do?" she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question: it is one which involves the life-long happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show: give him ninety days, without grace, and, if he does not break his neck in the mean time, marry him, and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, anyway, Aurelia, because, if he sticks to his infernal propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs, and such other valuables as he may possess, revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss, save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers, if he had started with his neck, and broken that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy, and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it, if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

MARK TWAIN.

LOSSES.

UPON the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;

But one had wilder woe, —
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the west
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold;
Some of proud honors told;
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But, when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met;
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however, it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCES BROWNE,
The Blind Poetess of Donegal.

MAD LUCE.

ALONG the hollow reaches, where the ripples curve on the sand,
Or float the crimson seaweeds that wreathe on the rocky strand;
Over the frowning headlands, when the heather is all aglow,
And the breakers crash 'neath the rugged cliffs, as the great tides come and go;

Out on the pier when the thundering surf thrills all the
startled air, —
She wanders, the woman with wild blue eyes, wan face, and
grizzled hair.

Passing amid the merry groups, where the happy children
play,
Passing where sturdy fishermen push their cobles out through
the spray,
Passing where round the lighthouse the gathering sailors
watch
The gleam on the warning crest of the Nab, or the tossing
bark to catch;
And still to the wandering questioner, the fisher-folks will use
To answer quickly and carelessly, "It is only old Mad
Luce!"

Should a pitying stranger ask of her, forever the pale lips say,
While all the while the weary eyes are gazing over the bay,
"The sea! I always loved it, since a bairn by its side I
played,
Since down there by the Lecta Rock I and my Willie strayed:
I said I would never have a home but stood on the sounding
shore,
Nor eat, nor sleep, nor work, nor live where I could not
hear its roar.

"'Thou'lt have to pay the tribute, lass,' I mind my mother
said;
Ay, I told him, as we kissed and laughed, the day that we
were wed.
He said he'd strive to earn it; but a costlier fee, I wot,
Than all his wage, was my good man's life, that the great
sea sought and got.
I sat with our baby at my breast by his headstone up on
the hill,
And heard the waves who kept his wake; and yet I loved
them still.

"I wrought, and hard, for our bonnie bairn; and, whenever
the day was passed,
We'd creep where the sea lay rosy bright as sunset shadows
were cast;

And we'd listen to hear his dadda call amid the calling surf,
And fling him the pink-tipped daisies that grew on the churchyard turf;
And I thought we might wait together, till life and its tasks were done:
But the sea would have its dues in full, and it took my bold one son.

"For he was never easy till the men would take him afloat:
I think they brought me back his cap when they found the broken boat;
But I cannot tell: the fever got hold of my brain and me.
Yet I hear him talk with Willie in the whispering of the sea;
And when the foam is flying fast, and fierce north-easters blow,
I wait to hear them summon me, that am so fain to go.

"I daren't lie down in its arms, and die; for I know the priest has said,
'They who will not wait God's time on earth, in heaven must seek their dead.'
But I've never murmured or complained of the sea I've loved so long,
And I let it take its tribute, and never thought of a wrong;
And maybe some day its soft white surf, just for my patience's sake,
Will lap me round, and waft me away, with Willie and George to wake."

And so, along the sounding shore, and under the beetling cliffs,
While the soft wind ruffles the sea's broad breast, and speeds the glancing skiffs,
With yearning gaze on the long bright heave, or the wave that gathers and breaks,
Her lonely way with her desolate hope, the weary wanderer takes;
And still in the calm indifference that is born of wont and use,
The idlers look, and smile, and say, "It is only old Mad Luce!"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THE SOLEMN BOOK-AGENT.

He was tall, solemn, and dignified. One would have thought him a Roman senator on his way to make a speech on finance. But he wasn't, singularly enough, he wasn't. He was a book-agent. He wore a linen duster; and his brow was furrowed with many care-lines, as if he had been obliged to tumble out of bed every other night of his life to dose a sick child. He called into a tailor-shop on Randolph Street, removed his hat, took his "Lives of Eminent Philosophers" from its cambric bag, and approached the tailor with, —

"I'd like to have you look at this rare work."

"I haf no time," replied the tailor.

"It is a work which every thinking man should delight to peruse," continued the agent.

"Zo?" said the tailor.

"Yes. It is a work on which a great deal of deep thought has been expended; and it is pronounced by such men as Wendell Phillips to be a work without a rival in modern literature."

"Makes anybody laugh when he zees it?" asked the tailor.

"No, my friend: this is a deep, profound work, as I have already said. It deals with such characters as Theocritus, Socrates, and Plato, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. If you desire a work on which the most eminent author of our day has spent years of study and research, you can find nothing to compare with this."

"Does it shpeak about how to glean cloze?" anxiously asked the man of the goose.

"My friend, this is no receipt-book, but an eminent work on philosophy, as I have told you. Years were consumed in preparing this volume for the press; and none but the clearest mind could have grasped the subjects herein discussed. If you desire food for deep meditation, you have it here."

"Does dis pook say sumding about der Prussian war?" asked the tailor as he threaded his needle.

"My friend, this is not an every-day book, but a work on philosophy, — a work which will soon be in the hands of every profound thinker in the country. What is the art of philosophy? This book tells you. Who were, and who are,

our philosophers? Turn to these pages for a reply. As I said before, I don't see how you can do without it."

"And he don't haf any dings about some fun, eh?" inquired the tailor, as the book was held to him.

"My friend, must I again inform you that this is not an ephemeral work, not a collection of nauseous trash, but a rare, deep work on philosophy? Here, see the name of the author. That name alone should be proof enough to your mind, that the work cannot be surpassed for profundity of thought. Why, sir, Gerritt Smith testifies to the greatness of this volume!"

"I not knows Mr. Schmidt: I make no cloze mit him," returned the tailor in a doubting voice.

"Then you will let me leave your place without having secured your name to this volume? I cannot believe it. Behold, what research! Turn these leaves, and see these gems of richest thought! Ah! if we only had such minds, and could wield such a pen! But we can read, and, in a measure, we can be like him. Every family should have this noble work. Let me put your name down: the book is only twelve dollars."

"Zwelve dollars for der pook! Zwelve dollars, und he has noddings about der war, und no fun in him, or say noddings how to get glean cloze! What you take me for, mister? Go right away mit dat pook, or I call der bolice, and haf you locked up pooty quick!"

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.

"WELL, yes, sir, yes, sir, thankee!
So-so, for my time o' life:
I'm pretty gray, and bent with pains
That cut my nerves like a knife:
The winters bear hard upon me;
The summers scorch me sore;
I'm sort o' weary of all the world:
And I'm only turned threescore.

"My old father is ninety,
And as hearty as a buck:
You won't find many men of his age
So full of vigor and pluck.
He felled the first tree cut in the place,
And laid the first log down;
And living an honest, temperate life,
He's the head man of the town.

"But you see, when I was twenty, or so,
I wanted to go to the city;
And I got with a wild set over there,
That were neither wise nor witty.
And so I laid the foundation, sir,
Of what you see to-day,—
Old little a-past the prime of life,
And a general wasting-away.

"'Tain't a natural fever, this, sir:
It's one no doctor can cure.
I was made to bear strong burdens,
Ox-like and slow, but sure;
And I only lived for my pleasures,
Though I had been Christian bred.
I lived for self, sir, and here's the end,—
Crawling about half-dead.

"Well, well! 'twon't do to think on't.
I try to forget my pain,
My poisoned blood, and my shattered nerves,
My wreck of body and brain.
Only, I saw you drinking, just now,—
Drinking that devil's drain:
There's where I liked to have stepped into hell,
And gone by the fastest train.

"You don't like my blunt speech, mebby:
Well, 'tisn't the nicest cut;
Only, when a man's looked over the brink,
He knows what he's talking about.
And if, with his eyes wide open,
He's walked straight into the flame,
And nothing less than the mercy of God
Has turned his glory to shame,

"Then, when he says there's a drunkard's hell,
You'd better believe it's true.
I've fought with the Devil hand to hand,
And tested him through and through.
We know, who've bartered body and soul,
What body and soul are worth;
And there's nothing like to a drunkard's woe
In all God's beautiful earth.

"Wife, children! Haven't I had them? Yes!
No man has had sweeter than I:
But children and wife are dead and dust —
Why, what could they do *but* die?
Don't ask me to tell you of them, because
It blots out God's mercy even;
And it don't seem sure, though I've left my cups,
That my sin *can* be forgiven.

"I tell you it's hard for a shattered hulk
To drift into harbor safe:
And I feel sometimes, with my threescore years,
Like a hopeless, homeless waif.
But there's one thing certain: I've overcome;
And I'll fight while I draw a breath,
When I see a fine young fellow like you
Go down to the gates of death.

"You'll laugh, perhaps, at an old man's zeal:
I laughed in a young man's glee;
But God forbid, if you reach threescore,
You should be a wreck like me!"

ALICE ROBBINS.

BONE AND SINEW AND BRAIN.

YE white-maned waves of the Western Sea,
That ride and roll to the strand,
Ye strong-winged birds, never forced a-lee
By the gales that sweep toward land,
Ye are symbols of death, and of hope that saves,
As ye swoop in your strength and grace,
As ye roll to the land like the billowed graves
Of a past and puerile race.

Cry, "Presto, change!" and the lout is lord,
With his vulgar blood turned blue;
Go dub your knight with a slap of a sword,
As the kings in Europe do;
Go grade the lines of your social mode
As you grade the palace wall, —
The people forever to bear the load,
And the gilded vanes o'er all.
But the human blocks will not lie as still
As the dull foundation-stones,
But will rise, like a sea, with an awful will,
And ingulf the golden thrones;
For the days are gone when a special race
Took the place of the gilded vane;
And the merit that mounts to the highest place
Must have bone and sinew and brain.

Let the cant of "the march of mind" be heard,
Of the time to come, when man
Shall lose the mark of his brawn and beard
In the future's levelling plan:
'Tis the dream of a mind effeminate,
The whine for an easy crown;
For there is no need for the good and great
In the weakling's levelling down.

A nation's boast is a nation's bone,
As well as its might of mind;
And the culture of either of these alone
Is the doom of a nation signed.
But the cant of the ultra-suasion school
Unsinews the hand and thigh,
And preaches the creed of the weak to rule,
And the strong to struggle and die.
Our schools are pressed to the fatal race,
As if health were the nation's sin,
Till the head grows large, and the vampire face
Is gorged on the limbs so thin.
Our women have entered the abstract fields,
And avaunt with the child and home:
While the rind of science a pleasure yields
Shall they care for the lives to come?

And they ape the manners of manly times
In their sterile and worthless life,
Till the man of the future augments his crimes
With a raid for a Sabine wife.

Ho, white-maned waves of the Western Sea,
That ride and roll to the strand!
Ho, strong-winged birds, never blown a-lee
By the gales that sweep toward land!
Ye are symbols both of a hope that saves,
As ye swoop in your strength and grace,
As ye roll to the land like the billowed graves
Of a suicidal race.
Ye have hoarded your strength in its equal parts;
For the men of the future reign
Must have faithful souls and kindly hearts,
And bone and sinew and brain.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

PAT AND THE OYSTERS.

ONE evening a red-headed Connaught swell, of no small aristocratic pretensions in his own eyes, sent his servant, whom he had just imported from the long-horned kingdom, in all the rough majesty of a creature fresh from the "wilds," to purchase a hundred of oysters on the City Quay. Paddy staid so long away, that Squire Trigger got quite impatient and unhappy, lest his "body man" might have slipped into the Liffey. However, to his infinite relief, Paddy soon made his appearance, puffing and blowing like a disabled bellows, but carrying his load seemingly in great triumph. "Well, Pat," cried the master, "what the devil kept you so long?" — "Long! Ah, thin, maybe it's what you'd have me to come home with half my *arrant?*" says Pat. "Half the oysters?" says the master. "No; but too much of the *fish*," says Pat. "What fish?" says he. "The oysters, to be sure," says Pat. "What do you mean, blockhead?" says he. "I mean," says Pat, "that there was no use in loading myself with more nor was useful." — "Will you explain yourself?" says he. "I will," says Pat, laying down his load. "Well, then, you see, plaise your honor, as I was coming

home along the quay, mighty peaceable, who should I meet but Shamnus Maginus? 'Good-morrow, Shamien,' sis I. 'Good-morrow, kindly, Paudeen,' sis he. 'What is it you have in the sack?' sis he. 'A hundred of oysters,' sis I. 'Let us look at them,' sis he. 'I will, and welcome,' sis I. 'Arrah! thunder and pratees!' sis he, opening the sack, and examinin' them, 'who *sowld* you these?' — 'One Tom Kinahan that keeps a small ship there below,' sis I. 'Musha, then, bad luck to that same Tom that *sowld* the likes to you!' sis he. 'Arrah! why, avick?' sis I. 'To make a *bolsour* ov you, an' give them to you without claning thim,' sis he. 'An' arn't they claned, Jim, aroon?' sis I. — 'Oh! bad luck to the one of thim,' sis he. 'Musha then,' says I, 'what the dhoul will I do at all, at all? fur the master will be mad.' — 'Do!' sis he, 'why, I'd rather do the thing for you mysel, nor you should lose your place,' sis he. So wid that he begins to clane them wid his knife, *nate* and *well*, an', afeered ov dirtying the flags, begor, he swallowed the insides himself from beginnin' to ind, tal he had them as dacent as you see thim here," dashing down at his master's feet his bag of oyster-shells, to his master's no small amazement.

TWILIGHT.

'Tis daylight still; but now the golden cross,
Uplifted by the angel on the dome,
Stands rayless in calm color clear-defined
Against the northern blue: from turrets high
The flitting splendor sinks with folded wing
Dark-hid till morning; and the battlements
Wear soft relenting whiteness mellowed o'er
By summers generous and winters bland.
Now in the east the distance casts its veil,
And gazes with a deepening earnestness.
The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
Of shadow-broken gray; the rounded hills
Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs,
Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
Of cactus green and blue, broad-sworded aloes,
The cypress soaring black above the lines

Of white court-walls; the jointed sugar-canes
Pale-golden with their feathers motionless
In the warm quiet, — all thought-teaching form
Utters itself in firm unshimmering hues.
For the great rock has screened the westering sun
That still on plains beyond streams vaporous gold
Among the branches; and within Bedmár
Has come the time of sweet serenity,
When color glows unglittering, and the soul
Of visible things shows silent happiness,
As that of lovers trusting, though apart.
The ripe-cheeked fruits; the crimson-petalled flowers;
The wingèd life, that, pausing, seems a gem
Cunningly carven on the dark green leaf;
The face of man with hues supremely blent
To difference fine as a voice 'mid sounds, —
Each lovely light-dipped thing seems to emerge
Flushed gravely from baptismal sacrament.
All beauteous existence rests, yet wakes,
Lies still, yet conscious, with clear open eyes,
And gentle breath, and mild suffusèd joy.
'Tis day, but day that falls like melody
Repeated on a string with graver tones, —
Tones such as linger in a long farewell.

SPANISH GYPSY.

THE SINGER.

A SINGER went singing adown the world,
Now in green meadows, and now in the town,
Anon where the smoke of the battle whirled,
Then off where the autumn woods lay brown, —

Singing, still singing; ay, nothing but that,
When the trumpets summoned the hosts to war,
And the soldiers rushed at the rat-tat-tat
Of the deafening drum, she stood afar, —

And sang of the conflict in ringing tones,
Of the laurel-wreath, of the victor's death;
Till the dying silenced their shuddering groans,
And smiled as they drew their final breath.

She sang of duty. Her weak hands failed
When she strove the burden of life to bear;
But through all of the song no sadness wailed,
As she sang, still sang, in her white despair.

She sang of love. From her eager hand
The brimming chalice was dashed aside:
As her steps drew near to the unknown land,
She gazed on the past, and, wistful, sighed, —

"In all the fray I have struck no blow!
Ah, well-a-day! but the hours are long:
When the evening comes, what have I to show,
Save here and there the thread of a song?"

But the warriors knew at the conflict's end,
When the roar of the battle died away,
That the song which seemed with the cannon to blend
Had strengthened each arm in the deadly fray.

And the souls that in duty's lonely way
With faltering steps had journeyed long,
When the voice of the singer reached them that day,
Felt the hearts within them grow brave and strong.

And the happy lovers, that, hand in hand,
Wandered together the wide world o'er,
From that song they but dimly could understand,
Learned a deeper love than they knew before.

ALICE WILLIAMS.

SPEECH OF THE HON. PERVESE PEABODY ON THE ACQUISITION OF CUBA.

FELLER-CITIZENS, gentlemen and ladies, Mr. President. I rise before this August body with phelinks more easily described than imagined. Colder than a statooary, more deader nor Julius Cæsar, must be the buzzum of him who could look araound on this here assemblage without emo-

tions big enuf to choke an ox, risin in his throat. As I look araound what dew I see? On the one hand, the magnits and magnitaries of science, on t'other a parfeck constellation of beauty in the shape of female women. Sir, sich a specktackle is calkerlated to melt an isuckle or draw tears from a horseshoe. In view of sich scenes, I ax, in the name of Pontius Pilate at the siege of Corinth, Lives there a man with soul so dead as never to hisself has said this is *my* Kedantry. Mr. Pres. Sir. Altho' this here society in its more gineral bearings is designed to settle all questions pertainin to the hull world, and for the perpetooation of the grate principals of human indewrance, as laid down in the Magny Charter, habeas corpus, and the forty thieves, yet the question now on hand, to be attended to right away, is annexation in gineral, Cuby in pertikerlar. Sir, what are we? By *we*, I mean the biggest, the fastest, the moast onmitigated nation, on which the sun, from its risin in the purple chariots of the Oriental hemispheres of the East, to the goin' daoun tharof in the flambient hyfalutins of the West, shines on. Need I say I allude to the suvrin galaxy of the onterrified States, which stans afore the world, a bacon of light, conspikerous in the surroundin darkness, as a tarler candle in sullar. I say, sir, What are we? Hark! From the battle-fields of Madawaska on the one hand, and from the amphibeous insyclopedys of the grate Western pararies, swells and busts one univarsal response, We are Angoly Saxonies, Dimmercratic plattitudes, and manifest destinies. What do we want? Sir, we want all them leetle strips of land which jine us, whether unoccupied, except by bares, wolves, shanghies, injuns, and howlin wildernesses, or whether possessed by them what haint got Angoly Saxony blood a-runnin in their vains. Sir, this is natral. Novy Zembly, Pattygoney, Buzzard Bay, Oysteraly, Pemaquid, Canady, and the two hemispheres with lands contigerous, up to 54, 49, in the parallels commencin at a stake and stone in Otisfield, and runnin thro' the ekynoctial tropic of Apricot and Kansas, the finger of Natur points out as our own. Mr. Pres. I have taken a heap of pains to get the boundaries right, and I may say withaout seemin praoud, I *am* posted up; and I challenge the hull world to prove me wrong in a single figger, onless it be in regard to Pemaquid, which, lyin in the seventeenth allegory, and baounded westerly by the Magdalene clouds,

and Easterly by the Tom-Bigbee mountains, makes it onsartain, whether a bee line runnin thro' the kimmercal underlations of hydergin would strike it. Now, sir, whar does Cuby lie? Ef I had a mat of the Univarse, a pair of compasses and a yard stick here, I'd pint out the sitooation of that gem of the Cariboo seas, and queen of the Antipodes. But as thar haint but one mat in taown, and that belongs to a federalist, who's an inimy of Annexation, and wouldn't lend it, I must give you a verbum Rum derscription by word of maouth. Cuby is a perninsuly, intirely surrounded by salt water, lyin in latitude 482, 2 hours, 14 minutes, and 43 seconds, Nor by Nor East. Longevity 54-49. Climit permiskerous. Sometimes it's hot. Sometimes taint. Back in the perraries its healthy; while, owin to fogs and rumatiz, the sea coast is so salubrious, that nobody but alligators can live thar, except for a short time between the last of June and the furst of July. Proddux. Maple sugar, punkins, tin-ware, wooden combs, cork-screws, rum, merlasses, and niggers. The inhabitants are mostly black and blew, tho' some is striped. Habits permiskerous; durin the hurry-cane months (thar ar twelve of them months) percarious. The poorer classes lives on what they can git while they do live, arter that, they don't live on nothing. The rich eats sum biled eggs; but their staple and daily dialect is rum and onions, half and half. Mr. Pres. This here detestable land, literly flowin with merlasses, and chuck full of likely niggers, is aourn. Yes, sir, it is jist as much ourn as is your horse or your cow, wich has strayed from your paster. Cuby is a stray from this onmitigated Republic. Agin I wish I had a mat, I could show you that it onst jined on to the State of Maine. By it I could show you how the North shore of Cuby, and the coast of Maine would fit together jest like two parts of a broken sarser. Now, sir, if this air hypothecary are correct (and I'd like to see the critter that'll dispute it), why, we've only to prove property, and take back our own agin, and if any outlandish furriners darst to say any thing, lick 'em. Sir, the time aint fur off, when this devout consummation will become a fixed statoot. That are happy period is comin on at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, when the streaked banner of our common Kedantry shall wave in triumph over this lost but recovered jewel from the diaphragm of the E. Pluribus Onion. Then while that

almighty specimen of poultry, that most onterrified faowl, the American eagle, roosts in towers of Moro Castle, we'll lick the merlasses, and haze the niggers. Mr. Pres. Thar is a destiny that shapes our ends, whether we will or whether we won't. Our destiny is a manifest onè, and it pints us onmistakably to Cuby, and all the 'tother consarns raound about, axin us to make a long arm, and help ourselves.

BUNKER HILL.

"NOT yet, not yet; steady, steady!"
On came the foe in even line,
Nearer and nearer to thrice paces nine.
We looked into their eyes. "Ready!"
A sheet of flame; a roll of death!
They fell by scores: we held our breath!
Then nearer still they came.
Another sheet of flame;
And brave men fled who never fled before.
Immortal fight!
Foreshadowing flight
Back to the astounded shore.

Quickly they rallied, re-enforced,
'Mid louder roar of ships' artillery,
And bursting bombs and whistling musketry,
And shouts and groans anear, afar,
All the new din of dreadful war.
Through their broad bosoms calmly coursed
The blood of those stout farmers, aiming
For freedom, manhood's birthright claiming.

Onward once more they came:
Another sheet of deathful flame!
Another and another still.
They broke, they fled;
Again they sped
Down the green, bloody hill.

Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Gage,
Stormed with commanders' rage.
Into each emptied barge
They crowd fresh men for a new charge
Up that great hill.
Again their gallant blood we spill.
That volley was the last:
Our powder failed.
On three sides fast
The foe pressed in; nor quailed
A man. Their barrels empty, with musket-stocks
They fought, and gave death-dealing knocks,
Till Prescott ordered the retreat.
Then Warren fell; and through a leaden sleet
From Bunker Hill and Breed,
Stark, Putnam, Pomeroy, Knowlton, Read,
Led off the remnant of those heroes true;
The foe too weakened to pursue.
The ground they gained; but we
The victory.

The tidings of that chosen band
Flowed in a wave of power
Over the shaken, anxious land,
To men, to man, a sudden dower.
History took a fresh, higher start
From that stanch, beaming hour;
And when the speeding messenger, that bare
The news that strengthened every heart,
Met near the Delaware
The leader, who had just been named,
Who was to be so famed,
The steadfast, earnest Washington,
With hands uplifted, cries,
His great soul flashing to his eyes,
"Our liberties are safe! the cause is won!"
A thankful look he cast to heaven, and then
His steed he spurred in haste to lead such noble men.

GEORGE H. CALVERT.

TWO BIRTHS.

I SEE a radiant, starry night,
A bright October morn:
I hear a little infant's cries;
And tears of joy are in my eyes
For my first-born.

She was a darling little thing:
I worshipped her outright.
When in my arms she smiling lay;
When on my knees she climbed in play;
When round my neck her arms would cling,
As crooning songs I used to sing;
When on my back she gayly rode,
Then strong beneath its precious load;
When at my side, in summer days,
She gambolled in her childish plays;
When throughout all the after-years
I watched, with trembling hopes and fears,
The infant to a woman grow, —
I worshipped then, as I do now,
My life's delight.

Then she was mine, and mine alone.
Her heart had never heard a tone
That thrilled like mine.
And time rolled peacefully away
Till I had grown both old and gray,
When came a gallant youth along,
With pleasant eye and voice and song.
A glance he sent, a word he gave ;
And like the ocean's mighty wave,
That ploughs the silent depths below,
He made her heart in tumult glow,
And stirred her soul as ne'er did I
With all my love and sympathy.
That tidal wave o'erthrew my throne :
The regnant sway, so long my own,
I must resign.

Again that starry night I see
Through crowded years of memory:
Again I hear an infant's cries,
And grateful tears suffuse my eyes;
For on her breast, in speechless joy,
She holds a little cherub boy.
With smile divine she views him o'er,
And worships, as I did before:
Visions of dear delights to come
Around her gather.

Now in her life my life appears
With all its hopes and cares and fears,
As on that bright October morn
I gaze upon *her* sweet first-born,
And in her child again live o'er
The pleasures that her coming bore —
A grandfather

CHARLES J. SPRAGUE.

THE OLD FOGY MAN.

HE was a queer old fogy man,
And loved old fogy ways,
And railed against the reckless speed
Of these fast modern days.
He once could travel leisurely,
And stop his friends to hail;
But now they rushed him through by steam,
And rode him on a rail.

The good old coach was fast enough
For prudent folks to go:
Imprudent men now laugh at it,
And say 'twas rather slow;
And so they rush upon the train,
And speed like thought away,
Until a smash-up breaks his bones:
He thinks it doesn't pay.

He loved old housewives' spinning-wheels:
The music of their hum
Was far more grand to his old ear
Than grand-piano thrum.
But, ah! he sighs, those wheels are gone,
Since Whitney made his gin:
No more we hear their thrifty hum;
No more the sisters spin.

The rosy girls of olden time,
Sunburnt, were firmer made
Than these, the late and tender shoots,
That grow up in the shade:
They did their mother's heavy work,
And eased her weary hands;
And sometimes, too, if brothers failed,
Could help to do a man's.

Their dresses, made with easy fit,
Gave not a pain beneath;
Their hearts had ample room to beat,
Their lungs had room to breathe,
Unlike our present girls, with waists
Too much compressed and slight,
Who, if they do not dissipate,
Are very often *tight*.

They let no fashion dwarf their forms,
But grew to comely size;
And health shone even on their brows,
And sparkled from their eyes:
They thanked kind Heaven for its gifts,
And thought, with secret pride,
That they were beautiful enough,
And they were satisfied.

But now our modern girls, alas!
Think Providence unkind
For putting too much in the midst,
And not enough behind;
And so they bustle round, and lace,
To mend such clumsy ways,
And think they far outshine the girls
Of good old fogy days.

He wished, he said, for their sweet sakes,
That fashion's torturing vice
Would ease them up a little, and
Less pinching would suffice;
That they might feel the bounding health
Around the heart that plays
When all unfettered, as it was
In good old fogy days.

AUCTION MAD.

FROM "THE TOODLES."

Enter MR. TOODLES, MRS. TOODLES *following him.*

Toodles. Oh, don't dear Toodles me! You'll drive me mad. Your conduct is scandalous in the extreme.

Mrs. T. My dear Toodles, don't say so!

Toodles. But I will say so, Mrs. Toodles. What will become of us, with your passion of going to auctions, and buying every thing you see, because it's cheap? I say, Mrs. Toodles, where's the money; and echo answers, Where?

Mrs. T. I'm sure, my dear Toodles, I lay it out to the best advantage.

Toodles. You shall not squander and waste my means.

Mrs. T. My dear, I buy nothing but what's useful.

Toodles. Use*ful* — use*less* you mean. I won't have my house turned into a hospital for invalid furniture. At the end of the week, I ask, where's the money. All gone too — spent in cursed nonsense.

Mrs. T. My love, although they are of no use to you at present, we may want them; and how useful it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. Why, Mrs. T., the house is full already of damaged chairs and dilapidated tables, sofas with one leg, washstands with two legs, chairs with three legs, and some without a leg to stand upon.

Mrs. T. I'm sure you can't find fault with the last bargain I bought.

Toodles. What is it?

Mrs. T. A pair of crutches.

Toodles. A pair of crutches! What use are they to me, Mrs. T.?

Mrs. T. No, no at present. But you might meet with an accident; and then how handy it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. Oh! here's a woman goes to an auction, and buys a pair of crutches in anticipation that her husband will break his legs. But look what you did the other day: when this railroad was finished out here, why, curse me! if you did not buy forty-three wheelbarrows, — some with wheels, and some without wheels. And then again, before this new system of police was introduced, we had watchmen and watch-boxes: now our police have stars on their breasts, and the corporation abolished watch-boxes. They were all put up at auction; and I'll be hanged if you didn't buy ninety-three watch-boxes!

Mrs. T. Now, my dear Toodles, how unreasonable you are! You don't know but they will be wanted; and then how handy it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. That's your old excuse. We have wheelbarrows in the yard, watch-boxes in the cellar, wheelbarrows and watch-boxes all over the house. The pigs eat out of the wheelbarrows; and the cows sleep in the watch-boxes.

Mrs. T. Now, my dear Toodles, don't that prove their utility?

Toodles. When I came home the other night, I tumbled into something, and broke my shins. I called Jane to bring a light. I found myself in a watch-box. What was your last purchase? The other day I saw a cart before the door, and two men carrying into the house — a door-plate.

Mrs. T. My dear Toodles —

Toodles. And the name of Thompson upon it, — Thompson with a P. Mrs. Toodles, if I were not innately a sober man, you would drive me to an extreme case of drinking. Well, what was your reason for buying the door-plate? "Toodles, my dear," says you, "we may have a daughter, and that daughter may be a female, and live to the age of maturity; and she *may* marry a man of the name of Thompson with a P.; then, how handy it will be to have it in the house!"

Mrs. T. And won't it, dear?

Toodles. You had it stuck over the mantle-piece; and when I come down to breakfast, or home to dinner, there's

that odious name of Thompson looking me in the face. If I had a daughter, and I caught a man of the name of Thompson making love to her, I'd break his head with that door-plate.

Mrs. T. But, my dear Toodles —

Toodles. Yes, Mrs. T., I say religiously, morally, sincerely, and emphatically, "Curse Thompson!" But I went to the auction too, to-day. I've got a present for you. I bought it quite a bargain.

Mrs. T. What is it, eh, dear?

Toodles. As soon as I saw it, I said to myself, "It will be just the fit for my dear Tabitha!"

Mrs. T. Don't plague me. What is it, eh, dear?

Toodles. I think I can see you looking so nice and comfortable in it!

Mrs. T. Well, why don't you tell me what it is?

Toodles. Just your fit. A nice brass plate on it, and varnished all over.

Mrs. T. Yes, yes; and it is —

Toodles. A coffin, my love.

Mrs. T. Oh, you brute!

Toodles. We don't want it just now: but we don't know what may happen; and then how handy it will be to have it in the house!

Mrs. T. Oh, you wretch, you'll be the death of me.

Toodles. Will I? It's lucky I bought the coffin.

[*Exit, followed by* MRS. TOODLES.

THE WEDDING-FEE.

ONE morning, fifty years ago,
When apple-trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spellbound with the perfume rare,
Upon a farm-horse, large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-browned youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies;
But bluer were that maiden's eyes.
The dewdrops on the grass were bright;
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath the long-fringed lid,
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid.
Adown the shoulders, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair,
Where, almost strangled with the spray,
The sun, a willing sufferer lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen;
And, with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow told her so.
And she, without the least surprise,
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes,
Saw underneath that shade of tan
The handsome features of a man;
And, with a joy but rarely known,
She drew that dear face to her own,
And by her bridal bonnet hid —
I cannot tell you what she did.

So on they rode, until, among
The new-born leaves with dewdrops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out, a more than welcome sight.
Then, with a cloud upon his face,
"What shall we do," he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow-case?"
And, glancing down, his eye surveyed
The pillow-case before him laid,
Whose contents, reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joy for them.

The maiden answers, "Let us wait:
To borrow trouble where's the need?"
Then at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.

Down from the horse the bridegroom sprung;
The latchless gate behind him swung;
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household pale with fright;
And there, with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells;
And, as the parson nods, he leans
Far o'er the window-sill, and yells,
"Come in! He says he'll take the beans."

Lord, how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground;
Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious product of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor-floor
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day
When man and wife they rode away;
But happier this chorus still
Which echoed through those woodland scenes, —
"God bless the priest of Whitinsville!
God bless the man who took the beans!"

R. M. STREETER.

SCHNEIDER'S TOMATOES.

SCHNEIDER is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sass, and sich." Schneider had an invitation to visit this friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce-dealer, on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden, and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of his story in his own language, —

"Vell, I valks shust a liddle vhile roundt, vhen I sees some of dose dermarters, vot vas so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself oudside about a gouple-a-tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abbedite vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest und pest lookin' ov dose dermarters, und dakes a pooty good pite out ov dot, und vas chewing it oup pooty qvick, vhen — py shiminy! — I dort I hat a peese of red-hot goals in mine mout, or vas chewing oup dwo or dree bapers of needles; und I velt so pad, alreaty, dot mine eyes vas vool of tears; und I mate vor an 'olt oken pucket,' vot I seen hangin' in der vell, as I vas goomin' along.

"Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup, und ask me vot mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vamily vas dead. I dold him dot I vas der only von ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vot I hat shust peen bicking; und, mine cracious! how dot landsman laughft, und said dot dose vas *red beppers*, dot he vas raising vor bepper-sauce. You pet my life, I vas mat. I radder you geef me feefty tollars as to eat some more ov dose bepper-sauce dermarters."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE WOLVES.

YE that listen to stories told,
When hearths are cheery, and nights are cold,

Of the lone woodside, and the hungry pack
That howls on the fainting traveller's track;

The flame-red eye-balls that waylay
By the wintry moon the belated sleigh;

The lost child sought in the dismal wood;
The little shoes, and the stains of blood

On the trampled snow, — ye that hear
With thrills of pity, or chills of fear,

Wishing some kind angel had been sent
To shield the hapless innocent, —

Know ye the fiend that is crueller far
Than the gaunt gray herds of the forest are?

Swiftly vanish the wild fleet tracks
Before the rifle and the woodman's axe.

But hark to the coming of unseen feet,
Pattering by night through the city street.

Each wolf that dies in the woodland brown
Lives a spectre, and haunts the town!

By square and market they slink and prowl;
In lane and alley they leap and howl;

All night long they snuff and snarl before
The patched window and the broken door.

They paw the clapboards, and claw the latch;
At every crevice they whine and scratch.

Children, crouched in corners cold,
Shiver with tattered garments old;

They start from sleep with bitter pangs
At the touch of the phantom's viewless fangs.

Weary the mother, and worn with strife,
Still she watches and fights for life;

But her hand is feeble, and her weapon small, —
One little needle against them all.

In evil hour, the daughter fled
From her poor shelter and wretched bed,

Through the city's pitiless solitude
To the door of sin: the wolves pursued!

Fierce the father, and grim with want,
His heart was gnawed by the spectres gaunt:

Frenzied, stealing forth by night,
With whetted knife for the desperate fight,

He thought to strike the spectres dead,
But killed his brother-man instead.

Oh! ye that listen to stories told
When hearths are cheery, and nights are cold,

Weep no more at the tales you hear:
The danger is close, and the wolves are near.

Shudder not at the murderer's name;
Marvel not at the maiden's shame;

Pass not by with averted eye
The door where the stricken children cry:

But, when the beat of the unseen feet
Sounds by night through the city street,

Follow thou where the spectres glide,
And stand, like Hope, at the mother's side;

And be thyself the angel sent
To shield the hapless innocent.

He gives but little who gives his tears·
He gives best who aids and cheers.

He does well in the forest wild
Who slays the monster, and saves the child;

He does better, and merits more,
Who drives the wolf from the poor man's door.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

IT was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side:
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide.
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade:
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see:
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont — and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining
stream;
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight
gleam:
Oh! there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as
rain —
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again.

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Oh! what was that, my
daughter?"
"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so
fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming
past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Now bring me my
harpoon:
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb:
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks like seaweed on
a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her
swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was
drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe;
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE DECK-HAND AND THE MULE.

THE mule stood on the steamboat-deck,
The land he would not tread:
They pulled the halter round his neck,
And whacked him o'er the head.

But obstinate and braced he stood,
As born the scene to rule, —
A creature of the hold-back brood,
A stubborn, steadfast mule.

They cursed and swore : he would not go
  Until he felt inclined;
And, though they thundered blow on blow,
  He altered not his mind.

The deck-hand to the shore complained,
  "The varmint's bound to stay!"
And still upon the critter's hide
  The sounding lash made play.

His master, from the shore, replied,
  "The boat's about to sail:
As other means in vain you've tried,
  Suppose you twist his tail.

It's likely that will make him land!"
  The deck-hand, brave, though pale,
The nearer drew, with outstretched hand,
  To make the twist avail.

Then came a kick of thunder-sound.
  The deck-hand — where was he?
Ask of the waves, that far around
  Beheld him in the sea.

A moment, not a voice was heard;
  But winked the mule his eye,
As though to ask to him occurred, —
  "Now how was that for high?"

"Just cut his throat!" the captain roared,
  "And end the awful brute."
But the noblest soul who perished there
  Was he who tried to do't.

A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
  My grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me, and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope the overseer?
My father.

Who let me starve to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin"?
My mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home, and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My uncle.

Who got in scrapes an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?
My cousin.

Who took me home, when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And, when I played, cried, "What a noise!"
Girls always hector over boys?
My sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?
My brother.

Who stroked my head, and said, "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had;"
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But, when misfortune came to pass,
Referred me to the pump? Alas!
My friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy, my sole relief?
Myself.

TOM HOOD.

RIDING DOWN.

OH! did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh! did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout?
And did you hear that cheer on cheer,
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, and tattered flags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannons' crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there, and watching there, —
One little lass amid the mass,
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face, —

My face uplifted, red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Out flashing in the swift surprise?

Oh! did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame, —
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh! all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair beyond compare
Beamed out upon him, riding there.

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem; and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame;
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all that grace:
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me, —
The little lass who blushed to see.

NORA PERRY.

THE MINUTE-MEN OF '75.

WE are fortunate that we behold this day. The heavens bend benignly over us; the earth blossoms with renewed life; and our hearts beat joyfully together with one emotion of filial gratitude and patriotic exultation. Citizens of a great, free, and prosperous country, we come hither to honor the men, our fathers, who on this spot and upon this day, a hundred years ago, struck the first blow in the con-

test which made that country independent. Here, beneath the hills they trod, by the peaceful river on whose shores they dwelt, amidst the fields that they sowed and reaped, proudly recalling their virtue and their valor, we come to tell their story, to try ourselves by their lofty standard to know if we are their worthy children ; and, standing reverently where they stood and fought and died, to swear before God and each other, in the words of him upon whom in our day the spirit of the Revolutionary fathers visibly descended, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

This ancient town, with its neighbors who share its glory, has never failed fitly to commemorate this great day of its history. Fifty years ago, while some soldiers of the Concord fight were yet living ; twenty-five years ago, while still a few venerable survivors lingered, — with prayer and eloquence and song, you renewed the pious vow. But the last living link with the Revolution has long been broken. Great events and a mightier struggle have absorbed our own generation. Yet we who stand here today have a sympathy with the men at the old North Bridge, which those who preceded us here at earlier celebrations could not know. With them war was a name and a tradition. So swift and vast had been the change, and the development of the country, that the Revolutionary clash of arms was already vague and unreal, and Concord and Lexington seemed to them almost as remote and historic as Arbela and Sempach. When they assembled to celebrate this day, they saw a little group of tottering forms, eyes from which the light was fading, arms nerveless and withered, thin white hairs that fluttered in the wind : they saw a few venerable relics of a vanished age, whose pride was, that, before living memory, they had been minute-men of American Independence. But with us how changed! War is no longer a tradition, half romantic and obscure. It has ravaged how many of our homes! It has wrung how many of the hearts before me! North and South, we know the pang. Our common liberty is consecrated by a common sorrow. We do not count around us a few feeble veterans of the contest ; but we are girt with a cloud of witnesses. We are surrounded everywhere by multitudes in the vigor of their prime. Behold them here to-day, sharing in these pious and peaceful rites, the honored citizens, legislators,

magistrates, — yes, the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, — whose glory it is that they were minute-men of American liberty and union. These men of to-day interpret to us with resistless eloquence the men and the times we commemorate. Now, if never before, we understand the Revolution. Now we know the secret of those old hearts and homes. . . .

No royal governor, indeed, sits in yon stately capital ; no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coasts ; nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guaranties of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, there, minute-men of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge ; and as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber ; hang upon his flank and rear from morn to sunset, and so, through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice, back, back, in utter defeat and ruin.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

UNCLE REUBEN'S BAPTISM.

HE is an industrious colored man, living in a small cabin down the river; and his wife is a corpulent, good-natured woman, but very deaf.

Some weeks ago, Reuben began to ponder. He had never been a bad nigger; but he had never embraced Christianity, much to the sorrow of Aunt Susan, his wife, who has been prepared for heaven, lo, these many years past. The more he pondered, the more he became convinced that he ought to become a Christian; and Aunt Susan encouraged him with tender words and tearful eyes.

The old man came to town several days ago to see about joining a church, and was informed that he would have to be baptized before he could become a member. He didn't relish the idea much; but he informed his wife that he would consent; and she clasped her hands, and replied, —

"Glory to Richmond! De angels am a-comin'!"

Uncle Reuben got the idea, the other day, that he'd like to try the water alone, before being publicly baptized; and, while his wife was getting breakfast ready, he slipped down to the river-bank to take a preparatory dip. He removed his coat, hat, and boots, placed them on a log; and, as he descended the bank, his broad feet slipped, and the convert came down on the back of his neck.

"What de debbil!" — he commenced, as he picked himself up; but, suddenly remembering that he was soon to join the church, he checked himself, and remarked, —

"I'm ashamed of dat; and I hope de angels will 'scuse me."

He put one foot into the water, drew back with a shiver; put in the other, and looked longingly toward the house. At that moment Aunt Susan began singing, —

"We's gwine up to glory:
We's gwine on the cars."

And old Reuben braced up, and entered the water.

"Yes; we's gwine up to glory!" he remarked as he waded along, — "gwine on de fast express."

At the next step, his foot struck a sunken log; and he pitched over it, under water, head first. As soon as he came to the surface, and blew the water from his mouth, he yelled, —

"Woosh! What in blazes is dis yere performance?"

In raising up, his foot slid over the log, and under a limb, in such a manner, that the old darky was caught fast. He could hang to a stub of a limb; but he could not put himself forward enough to slip his foot out of the trap.

"Whar de angels now?" he yelled out, as he kicked the water higher than his head.

Aunt Susan answered with, —

"De angels are a-comin':
I hear de music play."

When the old man realized that he was fast, and must have help from the shore, he yelled out, —

"Ho, dere, old woman! Hi!"

She couldn't have heard a cannon fire on the bank of the river, and went on singing, —

"Dere's a seat for me in heaven:
I's gwine to jine de band."

"Hi, dere! I'll jine your old black head off, if ye don't year me!" yelled old Reuben.

He struggled and kicked, got his head under water, and out, and yelled, —

"Cuss dat old woman! Why don't she hear me?"

"Uncle Reube's a-gwine
To be an angel sho',"

came the song.

"It's a lie, a big debbil lie!" he yelled, pulling his head under water again.

"And he'll fly among de angels,
And play upon a harp,"

continued the old woman, as she turned over the bacon.

"Hi, dere! woosh, whoop!" he yelled, floundering around, pulling at his leg.

"De Lawd has got his name,
And dere is a place for him!"

howled the old woman.

"Whoa, dere, you old black villum!" yelled Uncle Rube.

"Dey'll dress him up in white,
Wid a crown upon his brow,"

wailed Aunt Susan, as she poured the water off the potatoes.

"If I ebber git out 'o dis ribber alive, I'll break her old deaf head, I will!" growled the victim; and then, resting his voice, he shouted, —

"You dere, old Satan, hi, hi!" As if in direct answer, came the song, —

"He struggles wid de evil one;
But he gained de vict'ry, shore!"

"Susan, Susan! if I had ye by de wool, I'd barry dat ole deaf head agin de cabin till yer eye couldn't see!" he screamed; and he made another tremendous effort to get loose. It was successful; and just then she sang, —

"Oh! whar's de angel now?
Send him 'long; send him 'long!"

"De angel am a-comin'!" growled Uncle Reuben as he waded ashore; "and he'll turn dat cabin inside out!"

He limped up to the house. She was placing the meal on the table, and singing, —

"He gwine to be baptized;
He's gwine" —

when he entered the house, and gave her a cuff on the ear which nearly loosened the roots of her hair.

"Oh, yes! I'ze an angel wid wings on, I is!" he yelled, as he brought her another cuff; "and I'ze gwine to glory, — and I'll knock yer ole head off! — and I'ze gwine to jine de band — and you deaf ole alligator! — and I'ze gwine up to heaven — and blast yer ole deaf ears! — and de glory am a-comin'!"

People who know Uncle Reuben say that he swears again with great relish; and it is certain that he hasn't been up to Vicksburg to be baptized, and become a church-member.

VICKSBURG HERALD.

HOW PERSIMMONS TOOK CAH OB DER BABY.

PERSIMMONS was a colored lad
'Way down in Lou'sianny;
And all the teaching that he had
Was given him by his granny.

But he did his duty ever,
As well as you, it may be :
With faithfulness and pride always,
He minded missus' baby.
He loved the counsels of the saints,
And, sometimes, those of sinners, —
To run off 'possum-hunting, and
Steal "water-milion" dinners.
And fervently at meetin', too,
On every Sunday night,
He'd with the elders shout and pray
By the pine-knots' flaring light,
And sing their rudest melodies,
With voice so full and strong,
You could almost think he learned them
From the angels' triumph-song.

SONG.

"We be nearer to de Lord
Dan de white folks, — and dey knows it.
See de glory-gate unbarred!
Walk in, darkies, past de guard:
Bet you dollar he won't close it!

Walk in, darkies, troo de gate;
Hear de kullered angels holler!
Go 'way, white folks: you're too late:
We's de winnin' kuller. Wait
Till de trumpet blow to foller."

He would croon this over softly
As he lay out in the sun ;
But the song he heard most often,
His granny's favorite one,

Was, "Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick! shut de do';
Get up off dat flo';
Come heah and mind de baby."

One night there came a fearful storm,
Almost a second flood :
The river rose, a torrent swoln
Of beaten, yellow mud.
It bit at its embankments,
And lapped them down in foam,
Till, surging through a wide crevasse,
The waves seethed round their home.
They scaled the high veranda;
They filled the parlors clear,
Till floating chairs and tables
Clashed against the chandelier.
'Twas then Persimmons' granny,
Stout of arm, and terror-proof,
By means of axe and lever,
Pried up the veranda roof ;
Bound mattresses upon it
With stoutest cord of rope;
Lifted out her fainting mistress,
Saying, " Honey, dar is hope!
You, Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick on dat raft!
Don't star' like a calf,
But take good cah ob baby ! "

The frothing river lifted them
Out on its turbid tide;
And for a while they floated on
Together, side by side ;
Till, broken by the current strong,
The frail raft snapped in two,
And Persimmons saw his granny
Fast fading from his view.

The deck-hands on a steamboat
Heard, as they passed in haste,
A child's voice singing in the dark,
Upon the water's waste, —

A song of faith and triumph,
Of Moses and the Lord ;
And, throwing out a coil of rope,
They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
Persimmons wandered through,
" A-totin ob der baby," and
Singing songs he knew.
At length some City Fathers
Objected to his plan,
Arresting as a vagrant
Our valiant little man.
They carried out their purposes:
Persimmons " 'lowed he'd spile 'em: "
So, *sloping* from the station-house,
He stole baby from the 'sylum.

And on that very afternoon,
As it was growing dark,
He sang, beside the fountain, in
The crowded city park,
A rude camp-meeting anthem,
Which he had sung before,
While on his granny's fragile raft
He drifted far from shore : —

SONG.

" Moses smote de water, and
De sea gabe away :
De chilleren dey passed ober, for
De sea gabe way.
O Lord ! *I feel so glad !*
It am always dark fo' day :
So, honey, don't yer be sad :
DE SEA'LL GIVE WAY.

A lady dressed in mourning
Turned with a sudden start,
Gave one glance at the baby,
Then caught it to her heart,

While a substantial shadow
That was walking by her side
Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
And while she shook him, cried, —
"You, *Jawge Washington*,
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Persimmons, Henry Clay,
Be quick, splain yourself, chile,
Stop dat ar fool smile!
Whar you done been wid baby?"

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

THE EVILS OF IGNORANCE.

THE wickedness and blindness of the subjects are the judgments of heaven for the neglect of the sovereign; for to this end, and to no other, was superiority given to a few, and the souls of all men pre-adapted to pay spontaneous homage to strength and talent and exalted station, that, through the benignant and attractive influence of their possessors, the whole race might be won to wisdom and virtue. Let those, then, whose wealth is lost or jeoparded by fraud or misgovernment; let those who quake with apprehension for the fate of all they hold dear; let those who behold and lament the desecration of all that is holy; let rulers whose counsels are perplexed, whose plans are baffled, whose laws are defied or evaded, — let them all know, that whatever ills they feel or fear are but the just retributions of a righteous Heaven for neglected childhood.

Remember, then, the child whose voice first lisps to-day, before that voice shall whisper sedition in secret, or thunder treason at the head of an armed band. Remember the child whose hand to-day first lifts its tiny bawble, before that hand shall scatter firebrands, arrows, and death. Remember those sportive groups of youth, in whose halcyon bosoms there sleeps an ocean, as yet scarcely ruffled by the passions which soon shall heave them as with a tempest's strength Remember, that, whatever station in life you may fill, these mortals, these immortals, are your care. Devote, expend, consecrate, yourselves to the holy work of their improvement. Pour out light and truth as God pours sun-

shine and rain. No longer seek knowledge as the luxury of a few, but dispense it amongst all as the bread of life. Learn only how the ignorant may learn, how the innocent may be preserved, the vicious reclaimed.

Call down the astronomer from the skies ; call up the geologist from his subterranean explorations ; summon, if need be, the mightiest intellects from the council-chamber of the nation ; enter cloistered halls, where the scholiast muses over superfluous annotations ; dissolve conclave and synod, where subtle polemics are vainly discussing their barren dogmas ; collect whatever of talent, or erudition, or eloquence, or authority, the broad land can supply, — and go forth and teach this people. For, in the name of the living God, it must be proclaimed that licentiousness shall be the liberty, and violence and chicanery shall be the law, and superstition and craft shall be the religion, and the self-destructive indulgence of all sensual and unhallowed passions shall be the only happiness, of that people who neglect the education of their children.

HORACE MANN.

SCENES FROM THE SCHOOL OF REFORM.

LORD AVONDALE, FERMENT, ROBERT TYKE, *an* OLD MAN.

An Apartment in Avondale Castle ; two chairs.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, R. ; *he pauses, then proceeds to door* L. *stage, and opens it.* TYKE *enters from it.*

Ld. A. (R.) Come hither ! How is this, Robert? When I left England, you were a youth whose example was pointed out as an object of imitation, your morals were pure, your industry exemplary. How is it, then, that I now see you an abandoned outcast?

Tyke. (L.) Ah, sur, it was all along wi' you.

Ld. A. Me! Was not my bounty ample? Did not I give you independence?

Tyke. Ah, that was it. When you sent me that little child to take care on —

Ld. A. Hush!

Tyke. Well, well — and that big lump of money! You see, as I had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgetty. I always had my hand in my pocket, scrummeling it about like: so, as all Yorkshire lads like galloping horses, I bought one, and took't to races, up at our country side; and, ecod! I pulled stuff into my hat as clean as ninepence. "Oh, oh!" says I, "I'll make short work of this: I'll go to Newmarket, where the lords do bring their cattle, and settle matters in a hurry." So I went, and mighty pleased I was; for the jockey lords called me 'squire, you see, and clapping me on the back, in this manner, says, "'Squire, your horse will beat every thing!"

Ld. A. Indeed!

Tyke. Yes, yes, that was pleasant enough. But, unluckily, the jockey lads told me a cursed heap o' lies; for ma horse always came in lag last. Then they told ma to hedge; but it was not the hedging I had been used to, and somehow I got intid ditch like. So what with that, and playing cards at Lamb skinnings (for, bless you! I could not catch them at Snitchums), I was —

Ld. A. Ruined.

Tyke. Yes, as jockey lords said, completely cleaned out.

Ld. A. Did you not return to honest labor?

Tyke. Oh, no! I could not: my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger. No, I could not tak to work.

Ld. A. Go on.

Tyke. Why, as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away. So I went intid stable; and (would you believe it?) the horse that beat mine somehow coaxed and contrived to get me on his back like — and, ecod! galloped off wi' me a matter of a hundred miles. I thought no more about it myself —

Ld. A. But they did?

Tyke. Yes, dom them! and were very cross indeed; for they put me intid castle, and tried me at 'sizes.

Ld. A. What could you say to avert your fate?

Tyke. Why, I told the judge, says I, "My lord, I hope you'll excuse my not being used to this kind of tackle. Exchange is no robbery. Mistakes of this kind will happen. But I assure you I've kept the best of company with the jockey lords, and such like as yourself." So they all smiled,

as much as to say, "He's one of us like;" and I thought all was right enough; but the judge puts him on a black cap, and without saying, "With your leave," or ony thing, orders me to be hanged.

Ld. A. Poor wretch!

Tyke. Don't you be frightened! They did not hang me, man — don't believe that — no, bless you! they sent ma to Botany Bay for fourteen years.

Ld. A. Where, I hope, you remained resigned to your fate.

Tyke. Oh! quite resigned; for I could not get away. I daresay I tried a hundred times.

Ld. A. Why did not I know it? Had you sent to my house —

Tyke. I did send to your house.

Ld. A. Well!

Tyke. Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called up to t'other house, — but then I did not know where that was, — and that you was sent abroad by government. I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself like; not that it surprised me, because I heard of your always being at Cockpit, and I guessed what that would end in.

Ld. A. Pshaw! Come hither; tell me — I dread to ask it — that child — where — Hush! we are interrupted.

[*Exeunt*, L.

MR. FERMENT *peeps through* R., *looks about, then enters.*

Mr. F. While his lordship is engaged, no harm in taking a peep. Charming rooms! fit for expanded genius like mine. Here I shall meander through these enchanting labyrinths till I reach the closet — the sanctum sanctorum — the — Eh! somebody in that room: it would be *mal-apropos* to stumble on the peer before I'm introduced. But he's safe with the general: so never mind. (*Re-enter* TYKE, L.) Sir, your most devoted servant.

Tyke. Same to you, sir; same to you. (*Crosses to* R.)

Mr F. Odd figure! Oh, I see at once who he is, — great county man, in the commission — get well with him — may be useful. Sorry, sir, the robbery was not brought home to that rascal.

Tyke. Are you? Now there we differ.

(*Takes chair and sits* R.)

Mr. F. Indeed! (*Sits* L.) You who are used to the sessions must know these things better than I. Your friend Lord Avondale is a great character, extremely popular. Did you hear his last speech?

Tyke. (R.) No. I don't myself much fancy last speeches.

Mr. F. (L.) In the country, perhaps?

Tyke. No. I was out of the country.

Mr. F. Abroad?

Tyke. Yes.

Mr. F. What, run out a little, eh — rather out at the elbow?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You'll excuse me; but I see things in a moment — What — cards, hazard — ah, my dear sir, you should have got some friend to have tied you up.

Tyke. You think so? Why, I could have got that done fast enough.

Mr. F. But I suppose you were determined to take your swing?

Tyke. Not exactly; but I did not go abroad on that account.

Mr. F. Oh, I know it in a moment — ill health?

Tyke. Why, I certainly should have died if I had staid.

Mr. F. Indeed! Oh, my dear sir! in this world we must all have our trials, and you have had yours.

Tyke. I have.

Mr. F. Suffered much confinement?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You, of course, were properly attended: you had good judges of your case?

Tyke. They were reckoned so: I did not much fancy them myself.

Mr. F. And they said a voyage would save you?

Tyke. To a certainty.

Mr. F. You must have been transported at the news.

Tyke. I was.

Mr. F. What was your disorder?

Tyke. A galloping consumption.

Mr. F. Has it cured you? (*Offering a pinch of snuff.*)

Tyke. I don't know: I think I feel some of my old symptoms. (*Takes the box.*) This is a very pretty box: I've lost mine.

Mr. F. Do me the honor to use that till (*apart*) — If

he would but keep it! (TYKE *puts it in his pocket.*) He has! My dear sir, you have doubtless considerable interest with Lord Avondale?

Tyke. Why, I believe he would not much like to offend me.

Mr. F. Lucky fellow! (*Apart.*) My name, sir, is Ferment: by and by I shall be introduced to the peer. You know business — a word thrown in by you would prevent my being thrown into the wrong box — eh! (TYKE *winks and nods.*) I apprehend you.

Tyke. You apprehend me, do you? (*Alarmed.*)

Mr. F. That is, I conceive — I understand — Ah, sir, you don't know me.

Tyke. No, I don't; and you don't know me.

Mr. F. Yes, I do: you are a generous, disinterested gentleman. I can see what others can't.

Tyke. Yes, you can.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, *unobserved by* FERMENT, L.

Ld. A. Ah! whom have we here? (*Apart.*)

Mr. F. As for the peer, you'll see how I'll manage him. I'll worm into his secrets. I say, which is the weak side? where is he ticklish?

Tyke. Ticklish! I'm sure I never tried.

Mr. F. Never mind, I know — between ourselves — see the whole man as plain as if he stood before me.

(LORD AVONDALE *has placed himself close to* FERMENT'S *chair.*)

Tyke. Why, for that matter, so do I.

Mr. F. I'll soon find the right place to tickle him.

[*Turns round, sees* LORD AVONDALE *at his elbow, who eyes him with severity.* FERMENT *attempts to speak, but cannot.* LORD AVONDALE *advances.* FERMENT *escapes* R.

Ld. A. Worm into my secrets! What does he mean? Who is he?

Tyke. (R.) He calls himself Ferment.

Ld. A. I shall remember him.

Tyke. He gave me this box to speak a good word for him like. He seems but a silly bad sort of chap, I think.

Ld. A. At present he is not worth a thought; for I have received information that alarms, distracts me. Come near!

That boy — (what a question for a parent!) does he survive?

Tyke. I don't know.

Ld. A. Not know?

Tyke. No.

Ld. A. Where did you leave him?

Tyke. Where did I leave him? Why — come, come, talk of something else. (*Seems disturbed.*)

Ld. A. Impossible! Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

Tyke. No.

Ld. A. Then my secret's safe?

Tyke. I've said so.

Ld. A. Why that frown? What! not even to your father?

Tyke. Who? (*Starts.*)

Ld. A. What agitates you? You had a father.

Tyke. Had a father! Be quiet, be quiet.

(*Walks about greatly agitated.*)

Ld. A. By the name of Him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me —

Tyke. (*Striking his forehead.*) Say no more about that, and you shall hear all. Yes, I had a father; and, when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked wi' heavy heart, I warrant, all the way tid' jail to see me. And he prayed up to heaven for me (*pointing, but not daring to look up*), just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart.

(*Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.*)

Ld. A. Proceed.

Tyke. Presently.

Ld. A. Did you intrust the child to his care?

Tyke. I did.

Ld. A. Do not pause: you rack me.

Tyke. Rack you! Well, you shall hear the end on't. I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak, and I could not speak. Well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms —

Ld. A. Go on.

Tyke. 'Tis soon said (*collecting his fortitude*). When the signal-gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead; and somebody took up child, and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire; the blood gushed out of my mouth: I saw no more. (*Sinks exhausted into chair,* L.)

Ld. A. Horrible! What! record a father's death without a tear?

Tyke. Tear! Do you think a villain who has a father's death to answer for can cry? No, no! I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire; but I can't cry. (*A vacant stare of horror.*)

Ld. A. And is this desolation my work? Oh, repent! repent!

Tyke. (*Starting up.*) For what? Is not father dead? An't I a thief? cursed, hated, hunted? Why should I be afraid of the Devil? Don't I feel him here? My mouth's parched —

Ld. A. Within is wine.

Tyke. Brandy, brandy!

Ld. A. Compose yourself, follow me. (*Crosses* L.) You want sleep.

Tyke. Sleep! ha, ha! Under the sod I may.

[*Points down, and groans heavily. Exit, following* LORD AVONDALE, L.

Inside of Cottage. Table, and a candle burning on it. OLD MAN *seated* R., *looking on a purse.* TYKE *sitting,* L.

O. Man. Pray, sir, who is that generous youth?

Tyke. Why, he's a kind of a foreman like to Lord Avondale, my friend.

O. Man. Are you the friend of that worthy nobleman?

Tyke. Yes — between ourselves — I have him under my thumb; but I say that out of confidence — you understand. That's a smartish purse you've got there; but, I tell you what, I don't think it's very safe just now.

O. Man. Indeed, sir! You alarm me!

Tyke. I tell you what: I'll take care of this for you. (*Takes the purse.*)

O. Man. Well, sir, you are very kind. You live at the castle?

Tyke. Yes, yes!

O. Man. Then, perhaps you could aid a petition I have presented to his lordship. My name is —

Tyke. Well, well, let's hear your name.

O. Man. Robert Tyke.

Tyke. Eh! What! — speak! — no, don't!

O. Man. Robert Tyke!

Tyke. (*Trembling violently, rushes to the table, brings down the candle, looks at the* OLD MAN, *dashes candle and purse on the ground, and tears his hair in agony.*) O villain, villain!

O. Man. What's the matter?

Tyke. Don't you know me?

O. Man. No, sir.

Tyke. I'm glad on't: I'm glad on't. Ruin my own father!

O. Man. Ah! did I hear rightly? Father! — what! Oh! let me see, let me see! (TYKE, *with a countenance strongly impressed with shame and sorrow, turns round.*) Ah! it's my son, my long-lost, dear profligate boy! Heaven be thanked! Heaven be thanked!

Tyke. (*Groaning, strikes his breast.*) Oh! burst, burst, and ease me! Eh! — but he's alive — father's alive! ha, ha! (*Laughs hysterically.*)

O. Man. You terrify me. Robert, Robert, hear me! Take my forgiveness; take my blessing!

Tyke. What! Forgive — bless — such a rogue as —

(*Bursts into a flood of tears.*)

O. Man. Be composed.

Tyke. Let me cry. It does me good, father; it does me good.

O. Man. Oh! if there be holy water, it surely is the sinner's tears.

Tyke. But he's alive. (*Rushes into his arms.*)

O. Man. Ay! alive to comfort and pardon thee, my poor prodigal; and Heaven will pardon thee.

Tyke. No, don't say that, father, because it can't.

O. Man. It is all merciful.

Tyke. Yes, I know it is. I know it would if it could, but not me! No, no!

O. Man. Kneel down, and ask its mercy.

Tyke. I dare not, father: I dare not. Oh, if I durst but just thank it for thy life!

O. Man. Angels will sing for joy.

Tyke. What! — may I, think you? May I, may I?

[*By degrees he tremblingly falls on his knees, and clasps his hands with energetic devotion. Scene closes.*]

THOMAS MORTON.

AMBITION.

I HAVE been accused of ambition in presenting this measure, — inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself, — the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception, both of friends and foes. Ambition! If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers, if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still: I might have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, grovelling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism, beings, who, forever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement, judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even for the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated: I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquillize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amid my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land, — the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people. HENRY CLAY.

THE VICTORIES OF PEACE.

PEACE has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill — fields sacred in the history of human freedom — lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature, not when we follow him through the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton, not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown, but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he met unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of justice, when her parliament, at a cost of one hundred million dollars, gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves? And when the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!) that shall witness an act of larger justice still, — the peaceful emancipation of three million fellow-men, "guilty of a skin not colored as our own," now, in this land of jubilant freedom, bound in gloomy bondage, — then will there be a victory, in comparison with which that of Bunker Hill will be as a farthing candle held up to the sun. That victory will need no monument of stone. It will be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes that shall proclaim it to the latest generation. It will be one of the famed landmarks of civilization, or, better still, a link in the golden chain by which humanity connects itself with the throne of God. CHARLES SUMNER.

FOR LOVE.

CURLY-HAIRED Carl! Were a blithsomer mate
For a ride o'er the snow to be wished for than he?
Yet were it well not to linger too late;
The pines are in shadow, the flakes dance and flee.
Crisp on the white sound the patter and clack
Of hoofs beating briskly; and sharp through the air
Rises ripple of laughter; the bridles hang slack,
And hand touches hand. She is frolic and fair,

Sunny-eyed Marguerite, brightest of girls,
With teeth gleaming whitely, and tumble of curls.

"You! Gallant Carl, so they call you! No doubt,
Bayard the brave were a whipster to you!"
Gretchen the winsome can wickedly flout:
Red, curling lips, and arch eyes flashing blue,
Wing home her taunts. So he flushes and sets
Teeth under lips that are wreathed in a smile:
"Now truce, mocking sprite, to your feigned regrets
At fair chivalry's flight. Give me glances the while,
And what man may dare to win loyalty's meed,
I, Carl, and no Bayard, will venture at need."

Quick rings her laughter: sledge-bells at full flight
Never sounded more silvery musical. "You?
Easy is talking, sir spur-lacking knight:
Were death at my lips, sirrah, what would you do?"
Curly-haired Carl bendeth suddenly. "Hawk
Should stoop straight to its quarry," laughs she, as her lips
Deftly evade him. "Sir Carl, you can talk,
But you do not strike home: feeble sword, sir, that slips.
What dare you — for love?" Smileth Carl, "It were best,
Oh, vow-flouting lady, to wait till the test."

On through the snow; for the wood-shadows blacken,
The night-wind is waking, the pine-branches sigh.
They laugh as they fly; for their speed may not slacken.
"Now swift! Stride for stride, Carl!" Hist! What is that
cry?
Faces, mirth-flushed and wind-bitten, go white,
Deep bite the spur-points, and bridles shake free.
Didst e'er hear the yelling of wolves through the night?
Harsh, hoarse devils' music that murders all glee.
Now, Brocken, now Fleetfoot, give proof of your pace;
For hundred-mouthed death is behind in full chase!

One breathless mile is ticked off from the three
By heart-beats that throb to the pulses of fear.
Swift! Flash along! Flying skirts, tresses free;
For death on the track yelleth near and more near.

"Courage!" cries Carl, "we've the pace of them yet."
White is her face, and her breath shudders short.
Watchful his eyes, and his teeth tightly set.
"Bravo, brave Brocken! Well leapt!" Never port
More eagerly looked for by storm-driven bark
Than the red village lights as they flash through the dark.

Two breathless miles! But the swift-sweeping pack
Of mad, yelling demons, have gained in its flight.
O God! half a mile; and her gallop is slack!
Those hell-litten eyes, how they gleam through the night!
But one minute more! "Gracious Heaven above,
Too late! Now the test!" Then his voice ringeth loud:
"Ride on, and farewell! But remember — for love!"
Then right in the path of the hideous crowd
Brave Carl hath drawn bridle, and leapt to the ground;
And a hundred hot hell-hounds have hemmed him around.

. . . . . .

Yon little brown woman, belle Marguerite? Nay,
Brave Carl, as you know, is beau-garçon no more.
Those devil-hounds marked him. We fellows made play
Not a second too soon. Ah! the hideous roar
Of rage and base fear from that hot-throated pack
As we plunged, heaven-sent, through the pines in their rear:
Two dozen lank demons stretched dead in a crack!
But Carl, gallant Carl! Oh the sickening fear
That struck to my heart as I lifted his head,
His bonny boy-face all so furrowed and red!

He lived, scarred and seamed as you know him. I hold
No battle-marks borne with more honor. But she?
Beauty seeks beauty. She shrank and grew cold,
Slowly, half-shamed, but — the thing had to be.
"Not heart enough for the trial?" Just so
Many a winsome one fails at the push.
Carl has the little brown woman. I know
She hasn't belle Marguerite's sparkle and flush;
But she has the secret that sets her above
The shallow-bright sort. She would die, sir, "for love."

THE FLOWER-MISSION, JUNIOR.

WHAT time have you got now, hey, Cousin Ben?
I want a handful of —. What do you say?
Only five minutes more? I reckon, then,
We'd better skedaddle along our lay.
No use? 'Twon't pay to run for the train?
The deuse you say! How long to the next?
Half an hour? Well, tears are vain,
And curses, too. But I swear I'm vexed

That I should have got you left, old boy;
But, now that I have, I'll take the time
And pay old scores, as remarked Jim Joy,
When the judge kinder winked at a petty crime.
So puff away at your old cigar
While I jump this fence for some golden-rod;
Looks a heap like our prairies now, I sw'ar,
As the heavy blossoms sway and nod.

What am I going to do with all this trash?
Do you ask? Oh! come, now, lay kinder low:
Such squeamishness don't pan out worth a — dash,
As you Yankees sw'ar in print, with an "Oh!"
And pursed-up lips, as at virtue's knell,
'Cause we who hail from the grand, free West
A'n't hypocrites enough our oaths to correll
Beneath our teeth, and let 'em be guessed.

What you s'pose I'll do with 'em? Come, now, guess.
Ask an easier one? That's good, but old.
Stick 'em on your desk? That would be a mess!
Not much, old fellow! You'll have to be told.
Do you think I'm as soft a galoot as that, —
I, the son of your father's sister Jule,
Who went off West, and married Joe Pratt,
My dad, 'stead of stickin' fast to her school?

You might be proud of the nosegay, though;
For see! it's as much as I can clutch
Of hardhack, golden-rod, tansy-blow,
Thistle, and butter-an'-eggs, and such,

Not to speak of the autumn leaves. And here
Is a bunch of barberries, purtiest yet.
They say you Yankees eat them. Queer!
I'd as lief eat shoe-peg sauce, you bet!
. . . . . .

What, in already? Kinder jumped!
Or did the time only seem to fly
'Cause I was thinkin' of how you'd be stumped
When you come to find the reason why
I brought these in? Well, I'll be round
To the store by an' by. . . . Oh! I didn't know
But p'r'aps you wouldn't care to be found
With me and my big nosegay in tow.

What street's this leads from the depot? South?
A part of the South Cove? Yes, just so.
And this little chap with tobacco-stained mouth
Must be one of the South Coves, hey? Ho, ho!
A joke for Jerry! What does he say?
"Please, mister, give me a flower?" You bet,
Little God-forsaken! That's my lay:
That's what I got 'em for. Now, you get!

And tell every playmate, dirty or not,
And every sweetheart of yours or theirs —
For graybeard or toddler that ha'n't got
A sweetheart, or never for "spooning" cares,
The dry-rot's eatin' his heart away —
Yes, tell yer playmates and sweethearts quick,
That Jerry Pratt's got a big nosegay.
See 'em swarm around, Ben, noisy and thick.

See here, little Yellow-Hair, — gold, I s'pose
The poets would call it, — here's a sprig
Of golden-rod and some tansy-blows
To match your hair. And you, little prig!
This thistle-blow's 'bout the thing for you:
It's much like love, as you'll find some day, —
Prick or please, according as you shall woo:
Keep your ears agog when the asses bray.

Bright barberry-berries and autumn leaves
For Black-Eyes here; and this pink flush
Of hardhack yon little blonde believes
Would fill her bill. What a row and rush
For the last! There it is. I say, Cousin Ben,
I reckon, if I owned a garden like yours,
I should give it a stripping now and then
For such fun as this. You'll find it endures.

EARL MARBLE.

THE SONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

NINE-TENTHS of our people, perhaps more, are toiling on the land or on the sea, in the workshop, in the professions, in all educational institutions, to furnish themselves and their families with subsistence, to create the material wealth of the community, and to elevate and refine and organize and save society. To the productive and cultivating power of these classes every thing else stands secondary. To them every avenue is open. From this great multitude spring, in each succeeding generation, the foremost men, who accomplish for us in every service the great results. It is our laborers who become our inventors, anxious to relieve the burdens, and quicken the capacity of toil. It is they who, step by step, advance from the simplest details and the commonest service, up to the highest positions in all the great enterprises which make up our busy life. They build and organize, and rise into the control of our railroads; they conduct our mills; they guide our ships; they open the paths for capital; they fill our schools; they apply their ingenuity to the soil; they legislate for us; they rise into the highest seats of power. The farmer's boy, to whom neither academy nor college was ever opened, spends his youth in clearing the forests, and his manhood in guiding the councils of his country through a great war, dying a martyr to the cause of human freedom. A young village merchant becomes secretary of the treasury; and upon his integrity and sagacity the country implicitly relies. The highest judicial officer in the land once labored on the soil. From our workshops and farms sprang the heroes of the war. And all over the land stand the tasteful and elegant

abodes of those who toiled with their own hands to lay the foundation of their prosperity, of those who have not forgotten to cultivate themselves as they have progressed, and who remember liberally the intellectual and moral and religious wants of the rising generation. How the sons of our working-men strive for the high places! I have not forgotten, and I shall never forget, that boy from the State of Maine, whom I found, in my early life, on his way to Boston in search of labor and distinction. He had left his home two hundred miles away, had dropped a tear as he took his last look of the old familiar spot, — and humble too, — where were his father and mother, and his ten brothers and sisters, as he told me, and where were his few well-read books, to become a Boston printer, because he learned from those books that Benjamin Franklin was a great man. He was barefoot, and the miles had been long ; but his courage had not failed. And as I took him into the great city, and found him occupation, I learned the intelligence and ambition and energy which inspire the sons of New England labor.

HON. GEORGE B. LORING.

THE JONESVILLE SINGIN' QUIRE.[1]

THOMAS JEFFERSON is a good boy. His teacher to the Jonesville Academy told me the other day, says he, —

"Thomas J. is full of fun, but I don't believe he has a single bad habit; and I don't believe he knows any more about bad things than Tirzah Ann, and she is a girl of a thousand."

Now, last Saturday night, to have heard him go on about the Jonesville quire, you'd a thought he never had a sober, solemn thought in his head. They meet to practise Saturday nights, and he had been to hear 'em. I stood his light talk as long as I could, and finally I told him to stop it, for I would not hear him go on so.

"Wall," says he, "you go yourself, mother, some time, and see thier carryin's on. Why," says he, "if fightin' en-

[1] By permission. From "My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet." Published by the American Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn.

titles anybody to a pension, they ought to draw ninety-six dollars a year, every one of 'em. You go yourself, and hear 'em rehearse, if you don't believe me;" and then he begun to sing, —

"Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinkin' now of you."

"I'll be hanged if I would rehearse!" says Josiah. "What makes 'em?"

"Let 'em rehearse," says I sternly: "I should think there was need enough of it."

It happened that very next night, Elder Merton preached to the red schoolhouse; and Josiah hitched up the old mare, and we went over. It was the first time I had been out sense the axident. Thomas J. and Tirzah Ann walked.

Josiah and I sot right behind the quire, and we could hear every word they said; and while Elder Merton was readin' the hymn, "How sweet for brethren to agree," old Gowdey whispered to Mr. Peedick in wrathful accents, —

"I wonder if you will put us all to open shame to-night by screechin' two or three notes above us all?"

He caught my keen gray eye fixed sternly upon him, and his tone changed in a minute to a mild, sheepish one; and he added, smilin', "as it were, deah brother Peedick."

Mr. Peedick designed not to reply to him; for he was shakin' his fist at one of the younger brethrin' in the quire, and says he, —

"Let me catch you pressin' the key agin to-night, you young villain, if you think it is best!"

"I shall press as many keys as I am a minter, for all you. You'r always findin' fault with sunthin' or other," muttered he.

Betsey Bobbet and Sophronia Gowdey was lookin' at each other all this time with looks that made one's blood run cold in their vains.

Mr. Peedick commenced the tune, but, unfortunately, struck into short metre. They all commenced loud and strong, but couldn't get any further than, "How sweet for bretherin." As they all come to a sudden halt there in front of that word, Mr. Gowdey, lookin' daggers at Mr. Peedick, took out his pitchfork, as if it was a pistol, and he was goin' to shoot him with it; but, applyin' it to his own ear, he started off on the longest metre that had ever been in our

neighborhood. After addin' the tune to the words, there was so much tune to carry, that the best calculator in tunes couldn't do it.

At that very minute, when it looked dark and gloomy indeed for the quire, an old lady — the best-behaved in the quire, who had minded her own business, and chawed caraway peacefully — come out and started it to the tune of "Oh, that will be joyful!"

They all joined in at the top of their voice; and, though they each one put in flats and sharps to suit thier own taste, they kinder hung together till they got to the chorus; and then Mr. Gowdey looked round, and frowned fiercely at Shakespeare Bobbet, who seemed to be flattin' most of any of 'em; and Betsey Bobbet punched Sophronia Gowdey in the side with her parasol, and told her she was "disgracin' the quire, and to sing slower;" and then they all yelled, —

How sweet is unitee—e
How sweet is unitee,
How sweet for bretheren' to agree,
How sweet is unitee.

It seemed as if the very feather on my bunnet stood up straight to hear 'em, it was so awful. Then they collected their strength, and, drawin' long breaths, they yelled out the next verses like wild Indians round sufferin' whites they was murderin'. If any one had iron ears, it would have went off well, all but for one thing, — there was an old man who insisted on bein' in the quire, who was too blind to see the words, and always sung by ear; and, bein' a little deaf, he got the words wrong; but he sung out loud and clear like a trembone, —

How sweet is onion tee—e,
How sweet is onion tea.

Elder Merton made a awful good prayer, about trials purifyin' folks, and makin' 'em better; and the same heroic, patient look was on his face when he give out the next him.

This piece begun with a long duett between the tenor and the alto; and Betsey Bobbet, by open war and stratagim, had carried the day, and was to sing this part alone with the tenor. She knew the Editer of the Augur was the only

tenor singer in the quire. She was so proud and happy, thinkin' she was goin' to sing alone with him, that not rightly sensin' where she was, and what she was about, she pitched her part too low; and here was where I had my trial with Josiah.

There is no more sing to Josiah Allen than there is to a one-horse wagon, and I have tried to convince him of it, but I can't; and he will probably go down to the grave, thinkin' he can sing base. But thier is no sing to it, that, I will contend for with my last breath: it is nothin' more nor less than a roar. But one thing I will give him the praise of, — he is a dreadful willin' man in the time of trouble, and, if he takes it into his head that it is his duty to sing, you can't stop him no more than you can stop a clap of thunder; and, when he does let his voice out, he lets it out strong, I can tell you. As Betsey finished the first line, I heard him say to himself, —

"It is a shame for one woman to sing base alone in a room full of men." And, before I could stop him, he struck in with his awful energy: you couldn't hear Betsey's voice, nor the Editer's, no more than you could hear two flies buzzin' in a car-whistle. It was dreadful. And, as he finished the first verse, I ketched hold of his vest, — I didn't stand up by reason of bein' lame yet from the axident, — and says I, —

"If you sing another verse in that way, I'll part with you," says I. "What do you mean, Josiah Allen?"

Says he, lookin' doun on me with the persperation a pourin' down his face, —

"I am a singin' base."

Says I, "Do you set down and behave yourself. She has pitched it too low: it hain't base, Josiah."

Says he, "I know better, Samantha: it *is* base! I guess I know base when I hear it."

But I still held him by the vest, determined that he shouldn't start off again, if I could hender it. And jest at that minute the duett begun agin; and Sophronia Gowdey took advantage of Betsey's indignation and surprise, and took the part right out of her mouth, and struck in with the Editer of the Augur, — she is kinder after him too, — and she broke out with the curiousest variations you ever heard. The warblin's and quaverin's and shakins she put in was the curiousest of any thing I ever heard. And thank-

ful was I that it took up Josiah's attention so, that he sunk down on his seat, and listened to 'em with breathless awe, and never offered to put in his note at all.

I waited till they got through singin', and then I whispered to him, and says I, —

"Now do you keep still for the rest of this meetin', Josiah Allen."

Says he, "As long as I call myself a man, I will have the privilege of singin' base."

"*Sing*," says I in a tone almost cold enough to make his whiskers frosty, — "I'd call it *singin'* if I was you." It worried me all through meetin' time, and thankful was I when he dropped off into a sweet sleep jest before meetin' was out. He never heard 'em sing the last time, and I had to hunch him for the benediction.

THE LAST TILT.

At twilight, through the shadow, fled
An ancient, war-worn knight,
Arrayed in steel from head to heel,
And on a steed of white;
And, in the knight's despite,
The horse pursued his flight:
For the old man's cheek was pale;
And his hands strove at the rein,
With the clutch of frenzied pain;
And his courser's streaming mane
Swept dishevelled on the gale.

"Dong — dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
"Seven!"
Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell like lead on the ear,
As he left the dead hour on its desolate bier.

The old knight heard the mystic clock;
And the sound, like a funeral-bell,
Rang in his ears till their caverns were full
Of the knoll of the desolate knell.
And the steed, as aroused by a spell,
Sprang away with a withering yell;
While the old man strove again,
But each time with feebler force,
To arrest the spectral horse
In its mad, remorseless course;
But, alas! he strove in vain.

"Dong — dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
"Eight!"
Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell like lead on the ear,
As he left the dead hour on its desolate bier.

The steed was white and gaunt and grim,
With lidless, leaden eyes
That burned with the lurid, livid glare
Of the stars of Stygian skies;
And the wind, behind, with sighs,
Mimicked his maniac cries;
While through the ebony gloom, alone,
Wan-visaged Saturn gazed
On the warrior unamazed,
On the steed whose eyeballs blazed
With a lustre like his own.

"Dong — dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
"Nine!"
Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell, like lead, on the ear,
As he left the dead hour on its desolate bier.

Athwart a swart and shadowy moor
The struggling knight was borne ;
And far away, before him, gleamed
A light like the gray of morn ;
While the old man, weak, forlorn,
And wan and travel-worn,
Gazed, mad with deathly fear ;
For he dreamed it was the day,
Though the dawn was far away ;
And he trembled with dismay
In the desert dark and drear.

"Dong — dong." And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
"Ten!"
Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time ; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell like lead on the ear,
As he left the dead hour on its desolate bier.

In casque and cuirass, white as snow,
Came merrily over the wold
A maiden knight, with lance and shield,
And a form of manly mould,
And a beard of woven gold :
When, suddenly, behold !
With a loud defiant cry,
And a tone of stern command,
The ancient knight, with lance in hand,
Rushed, thundering over the frozen land,
And bade him "Stand or die!"

"Dong — dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
Eleven!"
Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time ; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell like lead on the ear,
As he left the dead hour on its desolate bier.

With his ashen lance in rest,
Careered the youthful knight,
With a haughty heart, and an eagle eye,
And a visage burning bright;
For he loved the tilted fight.
And under Saturn's light,
With a shock that shook the world,
The rude old warrior fell — and lay
A corpse — along the frozen clay,
As with a crash the gates of day
Their brazen valves unfurled.

"Dong — dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
"Twelve!"
Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell like lead on the ear,
As he left the dead year on his desolate bier.

HENRY B. HIRST.

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

BLUE gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead:
Muster all on the quarter:
We must bury the dead.

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form, —
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name and the strand he hailed from
We know — and there's nothing more:
But perhaps his mother is waiting
In the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck;
"'Tis my watch," he would mutter:
"I must go upon deck!"

Aye, on deck, by the foremast!
  But watch and lookout are done:
The Union-Jack laid o'er him,
  How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine;
  Stay the hurrying shaft;
Let the roll of the ocean
  Cradle our giant craft;
Gather around the grating,
  Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
  To the holiest page of prayer;
Let every foot be quiet,
  Every head be bare:
The soft trade-wind is lifting
  A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
  (A little spray on his cheeks),
The grand old words of burial,
  And the trust a true heart seeks:
"We therefore commit his body
  To the deep;" and as he speaks,

Launched from the weather-railing,
  Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
  Plunges away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,—
  Down into the dark.

A thousand summers and winters
  The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin;
  But silence to doubt and dole:
There's a quiet harbor somewhere
  For the poor aweary soul.

Free the fettered engine;
  Speed the tireless shaft;
Loose to'gallant and topsail,
  The breeze is fair abaft.

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead :
Every man to his duty :
We have buried our dead.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

I CALL upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be, resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, — the love of your offspring : teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

No, I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We who are now assembled here must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he, who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country!

STORY.

THE CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS.[1]

JUST as the flame on the forestick, which Ralph had watched so intensely, flickered and burned low, and just as Ralph, with a heavy but not quite hopeless heart, rose to leave, the latch lifted, and Bud re-entered.

"I wanted to say something," he stammered; "but you know it's hard to say it. I ha'n't no book-larnin' to speak of; and some things is hard to say when a man ha'n't got book-words to say 'em with. And they's some things a man can't hardly ever say anyhow to anybody."

Here Bud stopped. But Ralph spoke in such a matter-of-course way in reply, that he felt encouraged to go on.

"You gin up Hanner kase you thought she belonged to me. That's more'n I'd a done by a long-shot. Now, arter I left here jest now, I says to myself, 'A man what can gin up his gal on account of sech a feeling fer the rights of a Flat-Cricker like me, why, dog on it,' says I, 'sech a man is the man as can help me do better.' I don't know whether you're a Hardshell, or a Saftshell, or a Methodist, or a Campbellite, or a New Light, or a United Brother, or a Millerite, or what not. But I says, 'The man what can do the clean thing by a ugly feller like me, and stick to it, when I was jest ready to eat him up, is a kind of a man to tie to.'"

Here Bud stopped in fright at his own volubility; for he had run his words off like a piece learned by heart, as though afraid, that, if he stopped, he would not have courage to go on.

Ralph said that he did not yet belong to any church, and he was afraid he couldn't do Bud much good. But his tone was full of sympathy, and, what is better than sympathy, a yearning for sympathy.

"You see," said Bud, "I wanted to git out of this low-lived, Flat Crick way of livin'. We're a hard set down here, Mr. Hartsook; and I'm gittin' to be one of the hardest of 'em. But I never could git no good out of Bosaw with his whiskey and meanness. And I went to the Mount Tabor Church oncet. I heard a man discussin' baptism and regeneration, and so on. That didn't seem no cure for me. I went to a revival over at Clifty. Well, twarn't no

[1] From "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" by Edward Eggleston. By permission of the publishers, Orange Judd & Co., New York.

use. First night, they was a man that spoke about Jesus Christ in sech a way, that I wanted to foller him everywhere. But I didn't feel fit. Next night, I come back with my mind made up that I'd try Jesus Christ, and see ef he'd have me. But laws! they was a big man that night that preached hell. Not that I don't believe they's a hell. They's plenty not a thousand miles away as deserves it; and I don't know as I'm too good for it myself. But he pitched it at us, and stuck it in our faces in sech a way that I got mad. And I says, 'Well, ef God sends me to hell, he can't make me holler 'nough, nohow.' You see, my dander was up. And, when my dander's up, I wouldn't gin up fer the Devil hisself. The preacher was so insultin' with his way of doin' it! He seemed to be kind of glad that we was to be damned; and he preached somethin' like some folks swears. It didn't sound a bit like the Christ the little man preached about the night afore. So what does me and a lot of fellers do, but slip out, and cut off the big preacher's stirrups, and hang them on to the rider of the fence, and then let his hoss loose! And from that day, sometimes I did, and sometimes I didn't, want to be better. And to-day it seemed to me that you must know somethin' as would help me."

Nothing is worse than a religious experience kept ready to be exposed to the gaze of everybody, whether the time is appropriate or not. But never was a religious experience more appropriate than the account which Ralph gave to Bud of his "Struggle in the Dark." The confession of his weakness and wicked selfishness was a great comfort to Bud.

"Do you think that Jesus Christ would — would — well, do you think he'd help a poor, unlarnt Flat-Cricker like me?"

"I think he was a sort of a Flat-Creeker himself," said Ralph slowly and very earnestly.

"You don't say?" said Bud, almost getting off his seat.

"Why, you see the town he lived in was a rough place. It was called 'Nazareth,' which meant 'Bushtown.'"

"You don't say?"

"And he was called 'a Nazarene,' which was about the same as 'backwoodsman.'"

And Ralph read the different passages which he had studied at Sunday school, illustrating the condescension of Jesus, the stories of the publicans, the harlots, the poor who came to him. And he read about Nathanael, who lived

only six miles away, saying "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

"Just what Clifty folks says about Flat Crick!" broke in Bud.

"Do you think I could begin without being baptized?" he added presently.

"Why not? Let's begin now to do the best we can, by his help."

"You mean, then, that I'm to begin now to put in my best licks for Jesus Christ, and that he'll help me?"

This shocked Ralph's veneration a little. But it was the sincere utterance of an earnest soul. It may not have been an orthodox start; but it was the one start for Bud. And there be those who have repeated with the finest æsthetic appreciation the old English liturgies, who have never known religious aspirations so sincere as that of this ignorant young Hercules, whose best confession was, that he meant hereafter "to put in his best licks for Jesus Christ." And there be those who can define repentance and faith to the turning of a hair, who never made so genuine a start for the kingdom of heaven as Bud Means did.

Ralph said, Yes, that he thought that was just it. At least, he guessed, if there was something more, the man that was putting in his best licks would be sure to find it out.

"Do you think he'd help a feller? Seems to me it would be number one to have God help you, — not to help you fight other folks, but to help you when it comes to fighting the Devil inside. But you see I don't belong to no church."

"Well, let's you and me have one right off. Two people that help one another to serve God make a church."

I am afraid this ecclesiastical theory will not be considered orthodox. It was Ralph's; and I write it down at the risk of bringing him into condemnation.

THE ROMAN SOLDIER. — DESTRUCTION OF HERCULANEUM.

THERE was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous and brave and kind.

He had a son: it was a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture. From infancy the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
The father shared and heightened. But at length
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot
He felt in all its bitterness: the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched
His jailer with compassion; and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence, that in every wound
Dropped healing. But in this terrific hour
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure.

With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness [1] and amaze,
He came. The iron door was closed — for them
Never to open more! The day, the night,
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking. And the air
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state. On his low couch
The fettered soldier sunk, and with deep awe
Listened the fearful sounds: with upturned eye
To the great gods he breathed a prayer, then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep a while
His useless terrors.

[1] Darkness produced by volcanic smoke, which preceded the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, when Herculaneum was destroyed, A.D. 79.

But he could not sleep.
His body burned with feverish heat; his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders; sounds
Fearful and ominous arose and died,
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him; then, anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk
And shivered, as in fear; now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death.

He slept at last, —
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well, had he slept
Never to waken more. His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke: they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine — and was dark.
Again a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness. With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting, and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain.

Loudly the father called upon his child.
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw; with headlong haste
Trod round his stinted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth: no child was there.
Again he called: again at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed, he strained with arm extended far,

And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil,
Yet still renewed! Still round and round he goes,
And strains and snatches, and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now.
He plants against the wall his feet; his chain
Grasps, tugs, with giant strength, to force away
The deep-driven staple: yells and shrieks with rage,

And, like a desert lion in the snare
Raging to break his toils, to and fro bounds.
But see! the ground is opening. A blue light
Mounts, gently waving, noiseless: thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;
But by its lustre, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child! his dress is singed;
And o'er his face serene a darkened line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw;
And all his fury fled. A dead calm fell
That instant on him. Speechless, fixed, he stood,
And, with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed; and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale
The father stands: no tear is in his eye.
The thunders bellow; but he hears them not:
The ground lifts like a sea; he knows it not:
The strong walls grind and gape: the vaulted roof
Takes shapes like bubble tossing in the wind.
See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him
Is happiness. Yet, could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves toward the father's outstretched arm his boy.
Once he has touched his garment: how his eye
Lightens with love and hope, and anxious fears!
Ha! see: he has him now! he clasps him round,

Kisses his face, puts back the curling locks
That shaded his fine brow, looks in his eyes,
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands,
Then folds him to his breast as he was wont
To lie when sleeping, and resigned awaits
Undreaded death.
And death came soon and swift
And pangless.
The huge pile sunk down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls, arches, roof,
And deep foundation-stones, all mingling, fell!

ATHERSTONE.

TEMPERANCE.

SOME men look upon this temperance cause as whining bigotry, narrow asceticism, or a vulgar sentimentality, fit for little minds, weak women, and weaker men. On the contrary, I regard it as second only to one or two others of the primary reforms of this age, and for this reason,— every race has its peculiar temptation; every clime has its specific sin. The tropics and tropical races are tempted to one form of sensuality; the colder and temperate regions, and our Saxon blood, find their peculiar temptation in the stimulus of drink and food. In old times, our heaven was a drunken revel. We relieve ourselves from the over-weariness of constant and exhausting toil by intoxication. Science has brought a cheap means of drunkenness within the reach of every individual. National prosperity and free institutions have put into the hands of almost every workman the means of being drunk for a week, on the labor of two or three hours. With that blood and that temptation, we have adopted democratic institutions, where the law has no sanctions but the purpose and virtue of the masses. The statute-book rests not on bayonets, as in Europe, but on the hearts of the people. A drunken people can never be the basis of a free government. It is the corner-stone neither of virtue, prosperity, nor progress. To us, therefore, the title-deeds of whose estates, and the safety of whose lives, depend upon the tranquillity of the streets, upon the virtue of the masses, the

presence of any vice which brutalizes the average mass of mankind, and tends to make it more readily the tool of intriguing and corrupt leaders, is necessarily a stab at the very life of the nation. Against such a vice is marshalled the temperance reformation. That my sketch is no fancy picture, every one of you knows. Every one of you can glance back over your own path, and count many and many a one among those who started from the goal at your side, with equal energy, and perhaps greater promise, who has found a drunkard's grave long before this. The brightness of the bar, the ornament of the pulpit, the hope and blessing and stay of many a family — you know, every one of you who has reached middle life, how often on your path you set up the warning, "Fallen before the temptations of the streets!" Hardly one house in this city, whether it be full and warm with all the luxury of wealth, or whether it find hard, cold maintenance by the most earnest economy, no matter which, — hardly a house that does not count among sons or nephews some victim of this vice. The skeleton of this warning sits at every board. The whole world is kindred in this suffering. The country mother launches her boy with trembling upon the temptations of city life. The father trusts his daughter anxiously to the young man she has chosen, knowing what a wreck intoxication may make of the house-tree they set up. Alas! how often are their worst forebodings more than fulfilled! I have known a case — probably many of you recall some almost equal to it — where one worthy woman could count father, brother, husband, and son-in-law, all dunkards — no man among her near kindred, except her son, who was not a victim of this vice. Like all other appetites, this finds resolution weak, when set against the constant presence of temptation.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

ROAST PIG. — A BIT OF LAMB.

I SPEAK not of your grown porkers, things between pig and pork, those hobbydehoys, but a young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest; his voice as yet not

broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble, — the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled; but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called. The very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet, in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous, — oh, call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it, the tender blossoming of fat, — fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence; the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food; the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna; or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing:" it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! He hath wept out his pretty eyes, radiant jellies, shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle: how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched away. His memory is odoriferous. No clown curseth while his stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon. No coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages. He hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is, indeed, almost too transcendent, — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause: too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her. She is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish; but she stoppeth at the palate; she meddleth not with the appetite; and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him; and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbor's fare.

CHARLES LAMB.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.

It puzzled all, both kith and kin;
It reached a dreadful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were getting washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed.

And so, you see, by fate's decree,
Or, rather, nurse's whim,
My brother John was christened "me,"
And I was christened "him."

One night, John had an awful ache
His grinders round about;
But then the dentist, by mistake,
Pulled my best molar out!

If John was sick, the physic, ugh!
Went down my helpless throat:
When he was made a mason, too,
'Twas I who rode the goat.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
Our footsteps when at school;
For I was always getting flogged,
Since John turned out a fool.

In fact, year after year, the same
Absurd mistake went on;
And when I died, the neighbors came,
And buried brother "John."

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

To the scaffold's foot she came;
Leaped her black eyes into flame;
Rose and fell her panting breast, —
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb, —
Heard the price upon his head:
"I will save him!" she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too:
She will weep, but Ruth will do.
Who should save him, sore distressed, —
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came;
On her lips there rose his name,
Rose, and yet in silence died, —
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent;
Round her waist his fingers went:
"Wife" he called her — called *her* "wife!"
Simple word to cost a life.

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay;
But she coldly turned away.
"He has sealed his traitor fate:
I can love, and I can hate!"

"Annie is his wife," they said.
"Be it wife, then, to the dead,
Since the dying she will mate.
I can love, and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love:
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight, —
"I can love, and I can hate!"

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:
"Who has mercy upon me? —
Who? My life is desolate:
I can love, and I can hate!"

From the scaffold-stairs she went:
Shouts the noonday silence rent;
All the air was quick with cries, —
"See the traitor! see, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream
Saw the axe upswinging gleam:
All her woman's anger died:
"From the king!" she faintly cried, —

"From the king. His name behold!"
Quick the parchment she unrolled:
Paused the axe in upward swing, —
"He is pardoned!" "Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long:
All about the scaffold throng,
There intwining, fold in fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is pressed,
While the white lips murmuring move,
"I can hate; but I can love!"

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THE RECANTATION OF GALILEO.

FAR 'neath the glorious light of the noontide,
In a damp dungeon, a prisoner lay,
Aged and feeble, his failing years numbered,
Waiting the fate to be brought him that day.

Silence, oppressive with darkness, held durance;
Death in the living - - or living in death;
Crouched on the granite, and burdened with fetters,
Inhaling slow poison with each labored breath.

O'er the damp floor of his dungeon there glistened
Faintly the rays of a swift-nearing light;
Then the sweet jingle of keys, that soon opened
The door, and revealed a strange scene to his sight.

In the red glare of the flickering torches,
Held by the gray-gowned soldiers of God,
Gathered a group that the world will remember
Long ages after we sleep 'neath the sod.

Draped in their robes of bright scarlet and purple,
Bearing aloft the gold emblems of Rome,
Stood the chief priests of the papal dominion,
Under the shadow of Peter's proud dome,

By the infallible pontiff commanded,
From his own lips their directions received;
Sent to demand of the wise Galileo
Denial of all the great truths he believed, —

Before the whole world to give up his convictions,
Because the great church said the world had not moved;
Then to swear before God that his science was idle,
And truth was unknown to the facts he had proved.

So, loosing his shackles, they bade the sage listen
To words from the mouth of the vicar of God:
"Recant thy vile doctrines, and life we will give thee;
Adhere, and thy road to the grave is soon trod!"

His doctrines — the truth, as proud Rome has acknowledged —
On low, bended knee, in that vault he renounced;
Yet, with joy in their eyes, the high priests retiring,
"Confinement for life," as his sentence pronounced.

But as they left him, their malice rekindled
Fires that their threats had subdued in his breast:
Clanking his chains, with fierce ardor he muttered,
"But it *does* move, and tyrants can ne'er make it rest."

FRANCIS E. RALEIGH.

MOSQUITOS.

TRUE mosquitos are small at the waist, delicate in their organization, round-shouldered, and inclined to consumption. Their disposition is flighty. Some people think mosquitos are a humbug; but they are not. There's nothing so real as mosquitos. You can see 'em. When you can't see 'em, you can hear 'em. When you don't hear 'em, you can feel 'em. And when you neither see, hear, nor feel 'em, you may know they've been round, because they've made their mark.

We all love mosquitos so well, that we offer them our hand, and are always wanting to squeeze them: and although they like us, being shy, they reject our proposals at first, and then take us when we are least prepared for them.

Mosquitos are well educated. In music, they use the Italian school of singing, — trills, shakes, quavers, flying notes, and words not understood. It is decidedly sensation-music, and, like sensation-music generally, it is thrilling in its effect; but one soon tires of it. Lying in bed, you hear the distant song of the mosquito: a feeling of dread comes over you, succeeded, as the song-sounds come nearer, by a thrilling of the nerves, and, when close to your ears, the excitement becomes such as to cause your blood to boil, and your hands to strike forcibly your own head and ears. If such is the effect of a single mosquito's song on a single individual, what a perfect *furore* of excitement might be created by a singing band of mosquitos over a Boston Music Hall audience! Operatic *impressarios* are welcome to this hint. Everybody knows that mosquitos *draw* well.

Mosquitos are philosophers. They understand gravitation. If a hand, or other weighty substance, should fall, they know there's danger, and get out of the way. And they understand suction so well, that they put a steam fire-engine to the blush.

Mosquitos are educated in the allopathic school of medicine: they believe in bleeding. They differ from men in applying the theory: they first present their bill, and then bleed you. They don't understand human nature enough to know that no man likes to have a bill presented before the work is done. Mosquitos also know how to develop humor, — a bad humor: they will *pity* a man so much in one night, that his face will look very *humorous* next morning. As mathematicians, mosquitos understand subtraction, and also multiply very fast.

As base-ballists, mosquitos are a success. They always come in "on a fly," and rarely go out on one. As "pitchers," they always pitch in, never mind who their opponents are. As "catchers," they often catch their opponents napping, and rarely get caught themselves. Everybody likes them "in the field;" and they often make "home-runs." They fail at the "bat," but get a good many bats. As "tallyists," they make their "innings;" but they are not good "umpires," being apt to raise a row.

Mosquitos, like dogs, have their days. In dog-days, dogs are expected to go mad. Mosquito-days begin with dog-days, and end with the first frost. Then they die happy: they gather in large bands under the trees, and there, flying up and down, they sing their death-song. Man exults in their death; the mosquitos exult; all is exultant; and soon after the governor appoints Thanksgiving.

K. K.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS; OR, THE OLD WOMAN'S RAILWAY SIGNAL.

THE most effective working-force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness; for it is the only moral force that operates with the same effect upon mankind, brute-kind, and bird-kind. From time immemorial, music has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning or unreasoning, that have ears to hear. The prettiest idea and simile of ancient literature relate to Orpheus playing his lyre to

animals listening in intoxicated silence to its strains. Well, kindness is the music of good-will to men and beasts; and both listen to it with their hearts, instead of their ears; and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, if not to the same degree. Volumes might be written, filled with beautiful illustrations of its effect upon both. The music of kindness has not only power to charm, but even to transform, both the savage breast of man and beast; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident in America that will serve as a good illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially to this effect: a poor, coarse-featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passed through a wild, unpeopled district in Western Virginia. She was a widow, with only one daughter living with her in a log-hut, near a deep, precipitous gorge crossed by the railway bridge. Here she contrived to support herself by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for the market. She had to make a long, weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her house to this town; but the ride would cost too much of the profit of her small sales: so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor, or guard, came finally to notice her travelling by the side of the line, or on the footpath between the rails; and being a good-natured, benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The engine-man and brakemen also were good to the old woman, and felt that they were not wronging the interests of the railway company by giving her these free rides.

And soon an accident occurred that proved they were quite right in this view of the matter. In the wild month of March the rain descended, and the mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge, near the old woman's house. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood; and the darkness was deep and howling. In another half-hour the train would be due. There was no

telegraph on the line; and the stations were separated by great distances. What could she do to warn the train against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cords of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, head-pieces, and side-pieces. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled their all of household furniture upon the line, a few rods beyond the black, awful gap, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swaling, booming light a long way up the line. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane; and she could not revive it with green, wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brakes soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red woollen gown from her in a moment, and, tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the line, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung around her head a blazing chair-post a little before. The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great red eye of the engine showed itself coming round a curve. Like as a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that echoed through all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed; but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the roaring fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged into a death and destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine-driver and the brakemen came and knelt down by him; all the passengers came and knelt down by them; and there, in the expiring light of the burnt-out pile, in the rain and the

wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line, the kneelers and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight prayer and voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever, ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

ELIHU BURRITT.

ODE.[1]

HEROES of Greek renown!
Ye who with floods of Persian gore
Purpled Cychreia's[2] sounding shore!
Strong wielders of the Dorian spear!
And ye, dear children of the Dear,
The Holy, Violet Crown![3]
Ye live to-day. Distance and time
Vanish before our longing eyes;
And, fresh in their eternal prime,
The demigods arise.

Fierce breed of iron Rome!
Ye whose relentless eagles' wings,
O'ershadowing subjugated kings,
With death and black destruction fraught,
To every hateful tyrant brought
His own cursed lesson home,
Smile sternly now: a free-born race
Here draw your proudest maxims in,
And eagerly, in ampler space,
A mightier Rome begin.

Savage yet dauntless crew!
Who broke with grim, unflinching zeal
The mighty Spaniard's heart of steel,

[1] Read on Bunker Hill, June 17, 1875.
[2] A very ancient name of Salamis.
[3] A favorite title of the city of Athens.

When ye, with patriotic hands,
Bursting the dikes that kept your lands,
Let death and freedom through,
Arise in glory! Angry floods
And haughty bigots all are tame;
But ye, like liberating gods,
Have everlasting fame.

Ye few rock-nurtured men,
Suliote or Swiss, whose crags defied
Burgundian power and Turkish pride,
Whose deeds, so dear to freemen, still
Make every Alp a holy hill,
A shrine each Suliote glen,
Rejoice to-day. No little bands
Face here the exulting despot's horde;
But Freedom sways with giant hands
Her ocean-sweeping sword.

Chiefs of our own blest land,
To whom turned long oppressed mankind
A sacred refuge here to find,
Of every race the pride and boast,
From wild Atlantic's stormy coast
To far Pacific's strand,
Millions on millions here maintain
Your generous aims with steady will,
And make our vast imperial reign
The world's asylum still.

GEORGE SENNOTT.

MR. STIVER'S HORSE.

THE other morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Perkins observed that Mr. Stiver, in whose house we live, had been called away, and wanted to know if I would see to his horse through the day.

I knew that Mr. Stiver owned a horse, because I occasionally saw him drive out of the yard, and I saw the stable every day; but what kind of a horse, I didn't know. I never went into the stable, for two reasons: in the first place, I had no desire to; and, secondly, I didn't know as the horse cared particularly for company.

I never took care of a horse in my life, and, had I been of a less hopeful nature, the charge Mr. Stiver had left with me might have had a very depressing effect; but I told Mrs. Perkins I would do it.

"You know how to take care of a horse, don't you?" said she.

I gave her a re-assuring wink. In fact, I knew so little about it, that I didn't think it safe to converse more fluently than by winks.

After breakfast, I seized a toothpick, and walked out toward the stable. There was nothing particular to do, as Stiver had given him his breakfast, and I found him eating it: so I looked around. The horse looked around too, and stared pretty hard at me. There was but little said on either side. I hunted up the location of the feed, and then sat down on a peck-measure, and fell to studying the beast. There is a wide difference in horses. Some of them will kick you over, and never look around to see what becomes of you. I don't like a disposition like that; and I wondered if Stiver's horse was one of them.

When I came home at noon, I went straight to the stable. The animal was there, all right. Stiver hadn't told me what to give him for dinner, and I had not given the subject any thought; but I went to the oat-box, and filled the peck-measure, and sallied up to the manger.

When he saw the oats, he almost smiled: this pleased and amused him. I emptied them into the trough, and left him above me, to admire the way I parted my hair behind. I just got my head up in time to save the whole of it. He had his ears back, his mouth open, and looked as if he were

on the point of committing murder. I went out and filled the measure again, and climbed up the side of the stall, and emptied it on top of him. He brought his head up so suddenly at this, that I immediately got down, letting go of every thing to do it. I struck on the sharp edge of a barrel, rolled over a couple of times, and then disappeared under a hay-cutter. The peck-measure went down on the other side, and got mysteriously tangled up in that animal's heels, and he went to work at it; and then ensued the most dreadful noise I ever heard in all my life, and I have been married eighteen years.

It did seem as if I never would get out from under that hay-cutter; and all the while I was struggling, and wrenching myself and the cutter apart, that awful beast was kicking around in that stall, and making the most appalling sound imaginable.

When I got out, I found Mrs. Perkins at the door. She had heard the racket, and had sped out to the stable, her only thought being of me, and three stove-lids which she had under her arm, and one of which she was about to fire at the beast.

This made me mad.

"Go away, you unfortunate idiot!" I shouted. "Do you want to knock my brains out?" For I remembered seeing Mrs. Perkins sling a missile once before, and that I nearly lost an eye by the operation, although standing on the other side of the house at the time.

She retired at once. And at the same time the animal quieted down; but there was nothing left of that peck-measure, not even the maker's name.

I followed Mrs. Perkins into the house, and had her do me up; and then I sat down in a chair, and fell into a profound strain of meditation. After a while, I felt better, and went out to the stable again. The horse was leaning against the stable stall, with eyes half closed, and appeared to be very much engrossed in thought.

"Step off to the left," I said, rubbing his back.

He didn't step. I got the pitchfork, and punched him in the leg with the handle. He immediately raised up both hind-legs at once; and that fork flew out of my hands, and went rattling up against the timbers above, and came down again in an instant, the end of the handle rapping me with such force on the top of the head, that I sat right down on

the floor, under the impression that I was standing in front of a drug-store in the evening. I went back to the house and got some more stuff on me. But I couldn't keep away from that stable. I went out there again. The thought struck me, that what the horse wanted was exercise. If that thought had been an empty glycerine can, it would have saved a windfall of luck for me.

But exercise would tone him down ; and exercise him I should. I laughed to myself to think how I would trounce him around the yard. I didn't laugh again that afternoon. I got him unhitched, and then wondered how I was to get him out of the stall without carrying him out. I pushed; but he wouldn't budge. I stood looking at him in the face, thinking of something to say, when he suddenly solved the difficulty by veering about, and plunging for the door. I followed, as a matter of course, because I had a tight hold on the rope, and hit about every partition stud worth speaking of on that side of the barn. Mrs. Perkins was at the window, and saw us come out of the door. She subsequently remarked, that we came out skipping like two innocent children. The skipping was entirely unintentional on my part. I felt as if I stood on the verge of eternity. My legs may have skipped ; but my mind was filled with awe.

I took that animal out to exercise him. He exercised me, before I got through with it. He went around a few times in a circle ; then he stopped suddenly, spread out his fore-legs, and looked at me. Then he leaned forward a little, and hoisted both hind-legs, and threw about two coal-hods of mud over a line full of clothes Mrs. Perkins had just hung out.

That excellent lady had taken a position at the window ; and, whenever the evolutions of the awful beast permitted, I caught a glance at her features. She appeared to be very much interested in the proceedings ; but, the instant that the mud flew, she disappeared from the window, and, a moment later, she appeared on the stoop with a long poker in her hand, and fire enough in her eye to heat it red-hot.

Just then Stiver's horse stood up on his hind-legs, and tried to hug me with the others. This scared me. A horse never shows his strength to such advantage as when he is coming down on you like a frantic pile-driver. I instantly dodged ; and the cold sweat fairly boiled out of me.

It suddenly came over me that I had once figured in a

similar position years ago. My grandfather owned a little white horse that would get up from a meal at Delmonico's to kick the President of the United States. He sent me to the lot one day, and unhappily suggested that I often went after that horse, and suffered all kinds of defeat in getting him out of the pasture; but I had never tried to ride him. Heaven knows I never thought of it. I had my usual trouble with him that day. He tried to jump over me, and push me down in a mud-hole, and finally got up on his hind-legs, and came waltzing after me, with facilities enough to convert me into hash; but I turned, and just made for that fence with all the agony a prospect of instant death could crowd into me. If our candidate for the presidency had run one-half as well, there would be seventy-five postmasters in Danbury to-day, instead of one.

I got him out finally, and then he was quiet enough; and took him up alongside the fence, and got on him. He stopped an instant, one brief instant, and then tore off down the road at a frightful speed. I laid down on him, and clasped my hands tightly around his neck, and thought of my home. When we got to the stable, I was confident he would stop; but he didn't: he drove straight at the door. It was a low door, just high enough to permit him to go in at lightning speed; but there was no room for me. I saw, if I struck that stable, the struggle would be a very brief one. I thought this all over in an instant, and then, spreading out my arms and legs, emitted a scream; and the next moment I was bounding about in the filth of that stable-yard. All this passed through my mind as Stiver's horse went up into the air. It frightened Mrs. Perkins dreadfully.

"Why, you old fool!" she said. "Why don't you get rid of him?"

"How can I?" said I, in desperation.

"Why, there are a thousand ways," said she.

This is just like a woman. How different a statesman would have answered!

But I could think of only two ways to dispose of the beast. I could either swallow him where he stood, and then sit down on him, or I could crawl inside of him, and kick him to death.

But I was saved either of these expedients by his coming toward me so abruptly, that I dropped the rope in terror; and then he turned about, and, kicking me full of mud, shot for

the gate, ripping the clothes-line in two; and went on down the street at a horrible gallop, with two of Mrs. Perkins's garments, which he hastily snatched from the line, floating over his neck in a very picturesque manner.

So I was afterwards told. I was too full of mud myself to see the way into the house.

Stiver got his horse all right, and stays at home to take care of him. Mrs. Perkins has gone to her mother's to recuperate; and I am healing as fast as possible.

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